# New Statesman

## The Week-end Review

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The New Style Tart

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Big Two's Small World

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Critic's Dublin Diary

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# Over to Mr Macleod

LOOKING back on Mr Lennox-Boyd's term at the Colonial Office, most people must welcome the appointment of Mr Macleod; and Mr Callaghan's speech in the Commons last Monday clearly reflected the relief which the Labour leadership feels in facing a Colonial Secretary who holds some promise of being both liberal-minded and open-minded. All depends on how that promise is fulfilled. Mr Macleod may reasonably ask for a few weeks grace while he sorts himself out. Yet it has to be recorded that he has already missed a golden opportunity. Dr Banda is still in gaol – without *habeas corpus*, without trial, without reputable evidence against him. The Monckton Commission, which will determine the future of Central Africa, still includes elected white settlers, excludes representative Africans. The Kenya constitutional conference is almost upon us: yet there is still no formal acknowledgment by Britain that democracy must be the ultimate goal in Kenya as elsewhere.

In these circumstances the Labour Party would be most unwise to count in advance on any decisive change in the government's colonial policy. It is sensible to grant Mr Macleod the brief respite which is essential to any new holder of office; but, if the respite is to develop into the kind of co-operation which the tone of Mr Callaghan's speech has been held in some quarters to foreshadow, Mr Macleod must provide concrete evidence quickly of his willingness to re-think colonial policy – above all in Africa – along lines which would mark a fundamental change from his predecessor. It is a fact, which has undoubtedly caused Mr Macmillan and Mr Butler a good deal of anxiety, that at the end of Mr Lennox-Boyd's incumbency British policy in Africa is regarded with disquiet and distaste by most liberal-minded people everywhere; while Britain itself, as represented by the Tory government, is regarded by practically every representative African as being both the obstacle to legitimate African progress and champion of white racialist policies. No doubt the appointment of a new Colonial Secretary is designed to remedy this; but to succeed, Mr Macleod will require far more than the liberal-sounding generalities which served at the Ministry of Labour.

He must recognise that the main challenge to Britain in Africa is not to impose order, but to remove the causes of violence. This means that the road for African political advancement towards specific and acceptable goals of democracy, independence and ultimately self-determination, must be charted and opened up. Britain's task must be to guide Africans towards this goal by expeditious stages and congenial routes. Only thus, when colonial rule ends – as it soon must whether we like it or not – will multi-racial societies prove a reality and African chauvinism seem as repugnant to the African majority as white supremacy seems today. Fortunately there are certain decisive steps which can be taken quickly. Mr Macleod can order the immediate release of Dr Banda. He can invite him – with other representative Africans – to sit alongside the settlers on the Monckton Commission. He can make it explicitly plain that the Commission is free to recommend any constitutional change in Central Africa – including a new form of association between the three states and the right of secession by any of them. He can set in motion constitutional reform in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia so as to ensure – in advance of the formal review of the federal constitution, which may have to be postponed – that these territorial governments become representative of their populations. Finally, he can affirm once and for all that the British government's objective in Kenya is a full democratic society and he can lay down in principle the stages of advance towards that end.

Nothing less root-and-branch than this extirpation of the racialist past will restore the confidence of even moderate Africans in Britain's purpose or rebuild British repute in the non-white world. Yet all these steps would be easy to take and all would be welcomed by informed and liberal opinion in every party. If Mr Macleod has the courage and vision to take them, he will justify his welcome and he will then find the Labour Party, conscious as it is of its responsibility not to betray the trust which Africans repose in it, quick to smooth his path.

# Comments on the Week's News

## Opinions on Summitry

The present state of international official opinion on the Summit seems to be summed up as follows. President Eisenhower: 'I haven't concealed my belief that we should have [the Summit] earlier.' Mr Macmillan: 'As early as practicable.' Mr Krushchev: 'The Soviet government fully shares the view on the desirability of the speediest convocation of such a conference.' General de Gaulle: 'Preparation must be completed by direct discussions between the interested governments . . . [this] demands time and care, and that is . . . why we think next spring [is the time]'. Chancellor Adenauer: 'Between January and May'. This canvass of opinions shows that all the interested parties are now agreed on the principle of a Summit; but General de Gaulle seems to suggest – echoing Dr Adenauer's view – that high level (possibly foreign ministers') talks should take place first. This, quite plainly, Moscow does not want, as Mr Krushchev pointed out in his speech last week-end. But he also went out of his way, in this speech, to support de Gaulle's new plan for Algeria (with the important proviso, 'if it does not remain a mere declaration but is supported by realistic steps'), and this – in conjunction with his decision to visit Paris next month – shows he is prepared to go a long way to win over de Gaulle. There is also growing agreement on the Summit agenda. On Saturday, Mr Krushchev, echoing Dr Adenauer's view, said that 'the question of disarmament . . . must, of course, occupy the most important part', and that Berlin and reunification should take a secondary place. Finally, the Soviet decision to accept a re-examination of underground tests may, despite US reluctance, remove the biggest obstacle to a test agreement. It is now thought that France may be willing to forgo her own tests, should such a treaty be concluded soon.

## Threat from China

What those Indian newspapers and ex-Gandhian patriots who demand 'action' from Nehru actually want him to do is unclear. Short of starting a major war by bombing China, there is not much immediate action that any Indian Defence Minister can take. So sparsely populated and so remote from Indian control is the Ladakh area now occupied by the Chinese that the Indians were unaware that a road was being built there; and so little known are some of the villages of the North-east Frontier Agency that Chou En-lai can assert without much fear of contradiction that some of them have been paying taxes as Tibetans. The menace may not be immediate but it is very great. It amounts to a threat that China intends forcibly to reverse India's strategic advantage in the Himalayas that was carefully built up by the British. The British deliberately maintained outposts along the watershed, keeping the undeveloped peoples of Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal and Kashmir under their protection, while maintaining, as far as they could, amicable relations with the Tibetan tribes on the frontier. It looks as if Chou En-lai means to occupy the strategic contour, at the price of creating fear and enmity throughout India, Pakistan and Burma. He can dig up documentary and cartographic support for his claims very much as medieval English kings found flaws in the hereditary title-deeds of French kings when circumstances seemed to favour an attempt to seize their thrones. If the Chinese wish to be friendly, all this is totally unnecessary; Indians and Chinese might be walking together along the Ladakh road. Mr Krushchev, urgently striving for the Summit, has implied as much. His regret in last week's speech that Indians and Chinese had been killed on the Ladakh frontier could be interpreted only as a thinly disguised rebuke to his Chinese friend and ally.

## Looking-glass Figures

Her Majesty's ministers are still drunk with the success of their advertising campaigns. So long has Britain 'led the world' from shipbuilding to steel – on the advertising boards – that our continued relative decline is disregarded. Last week in the Commons, Mr Maudling furnished a remarkable example of 'looking-glass' figures. Replying to Harold Wilson's analysis of the requirements of British expansion, he boldly asserted that in the second quarter of this year 'the level of investment . . . was four per cent. up on last year, up on what was already a very high level'. In fact, net investment last year had already fallen from 9.2 to 8.9 per cent. of the national income (in Germany it is about 15 per cent., in Russia higher). Yet the gross average at £874m. was almost exactly the same as the average of the first half of this year (£878m.). That has been maintained by building rather than by productive investment. Mr Maudling apparently got his four per cent. increase by concentrating on the figure for the second quarter: last year's second quarter was for some freak reason four per cent. below the average. Productive investment in manufacturing, at £195m. in the first half of 1959, was almost 16 per cent. below last year. The National Institute of Economic Research says it is still falling. The Chancellor, to judge by his speech on Tuesday, seems to labour under similar delusions to Mr Maudling's. Is he aware that the new US drive to regain dollars will certainly hit Britain's trade balance – on the temporary strength of which he has taken permanent decisions, such as scrapping import controls?

## Dining-car Strike

The unofficial strike by railway dining-car workers in protest against the extension of Pullman car services to the London Midland Region of British Railways has inevitably attracted the censure of the press and broadcasting services. It is now fashionable to regard all unofficial strikes – 'wildcat' is a new pejorative – as a social evil. There are, however, important differences between a strike like last month's by British Oxygen workers, which was irresponsible and harmful, and the present one by the dining-car men. Whatever, finally, one may think of their case, at least it is an arguable one. Principally it rests on the fact that at their last annual conference a resolution was passed unanimously opposing the extension of the Pullman services on British railways. Now the union leadership has agreed to such an extension. Other motives, as ever, complicate the issue: the strikers are afraid of redundancy, in spite of union assurances, and are afraid they may lose the business man's tip. The strike is clearly directed as much against the union leadership as against the Transport Commission. Public reaction to it, as to the increase in the numbers of Pullman cars on British Railways, is sharply divided. The Transport Commission evidently believes that Pullman cars on routes like London-Manchester may lure the business man away from the airways. This may be true, if scarcely a compliment to their own services. With other travellers they are less popular. These questions apart, however, it remains important to consider each particular strike on its merits and not condemn all unofficial action out of hand as wildcat.

## The Lockers

'The Lockers' may, like Crichel Down, become part of the language of our time. The owner of 'The Lockers', a 15th-century house standing in 11 acres of grounds in the new town of Hemel Hempstead, is Mr W. O. Hart, Clerk of the London County Council. Mr Hart paid under £10,000 for the house and grounds in 1951 when he was general manager of the New Town Development Corporation. Now he has sold out to the borough council for £40,000, having earlier obtained planning permission, in conformity with the town plan, that houses could be built on the land. It can be argued that Mr Hart is the beneficiary of circumstances beyond his control. In 1951 the law was that anyone granted planning permission to develop his land had to pay to the state a development charge equal to the difference between its existing use and its newly permitted use values. In 1952 the Conservative government abolished this betterment levy, though until the Planning Act of this year local authorities could still pay only existing use-value for land they bought. Now the land market is governed by the price mechanism, save for one thing: planning control restricts the supply of land for all kinds of building, and thereby confers near-monopoly values on sites zoned for development. Thus, because of the need to preserve the countryside, keep development compact and obtain the best use of public services, large tax-free capital profits are made by Mr Hart and thousands like him who own land around the land-hungry cities, and who have been fortunate enough to have that land zoned for housing, industry and the like. Mr Hart's case is different in two respects. First, he was the chief planner of the new town development which has brought about the great increase in the value of his land. It can reasonably be held that he was imprudent to buy land within the area of operations of his Development Corporation. Secondly, Mr Hart was the instrument for acquiring at existing use (usually agricultural) value large areas of land since profitably developed. Those owners who sold, sometimes compulsorily, are now understandably aggrieved. No blame can attach to Mr Hart because the law of the land is what it is. But if, like Crichel Down, the case of 'The Lockers' outrages the public conscience, the day may yet return when the vast increments in land and property values created by planning accrue to the public purse and not to private pockets.

## A Wolfenden Compromise?

The government has now said often enough that it sees little evidence of any public demand that the homosexuality laws be changed, not having noticed, perhaps, the impressive body of educated and impartial opinion which has been

urging such a change for the past five years. But since it is idle to deny that some normally liberal persons would be reluctant to see homosexuality 'encouraged' by the law, there is much to be said for the solution offered by a London barrister, Mr Quentin Edwards, in the pamphlet he has written for the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, *What Is Unlawful? Afterthoughts on the Wolfenden Report* (Church Information Office, 1s. 6d.). Pointing out that there are already some breaches of the moral convention which are 'unlawful' but not criminal (adultery, prostitution, and seduction are examples), and which expose to civil disability, he suggests that private homosexual acts between consenting adults of either sex should be added to them by statute, which would then go on to declare that homosexual assaults and offences against public decency were criminally punishable. This is a compromise that might well appeal to moderate reformers without seeming to 'condone vice'. But it would be totally ineffectual unless the new 'unlawful' acts were specifically protected against the Common Law of conspiracy.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Bonn

### Adenauer to London

*Our Bonn Correspondent* writes: Chancellor Adenauer's long-delayed visit to London has now been fixed for 17 November. Reasons of health and pressure of other engagements, including the British elections, had something to do with the delay; as also had a definite cooling off in Anglo-German relations during the past 12 months.

Events, however, have not moved quite in the direction Adenauer expected. The death of Dulles, the meeting between President Eisenhower and Premier Krushchev, as well as the Conservative victory in Britain, have created a new situation for him. The co-ordination between Washington and London is now much closer than was realised here earlier this year; and, despite his leanings towards France, Adenauer knows that United States friendship is of primary importance for the Federal Republic. These facts, together with the feeling in his own Foreign Office, that Anglo-German relations must be improved, helped the Chancellor to decide on an early date for the meeting.

A few weeks ago, when the London visit was announced, Dr Adenauer stated that the differences between London and Bonn were small – over a demilitarised zone in central Europe, and Britain's relations with the Common Market. The first of these problems is part of the general disarmament issue and must be settled at the Summit. As to Britain's relations with the Common Market, there is little optimism here about an early agreement. Nowadays, it is said that everything depends upon the proposals of the Stockholm meeting of the Outer Seven, which are expected to be published during the next few weeks. But there is also a fundamental difference in approach to the general issue between Adenauer, on the one hand, and the British, on the other. Most people naturally think of the Common Market in economic terms. They assume the differences between it and the Free Trade Zone relate only to trade. This is not how the Chancellor sees it. For him, the most important aspects of the Common Market are political. He has said that he is prepared to go 'as far as possible towards meeting Britain's wishes on the economic side'; but has clearly indicated that he wants no British interference in his political plans. His aim is the speedy conversion of the six countries in the Common Market (France, the Federal Republic, Italy and the Benelux countries) into a new political entity – a Little Europe.

Some of the Chancellor's own ministers do not see eye to eye with him in this issue. Professor Erhard, Minister of Economics, for example, sees the Common Market as the first step to a wider economic unit which will include the 17 western European states. Such a development would have political consequences and probably result in a much deeper understanding between these states. But this will take longer to realise, and the Chancellor is in a hurry. This is because, according to members of his own party, he not only regards it as his mission to consolidate Franco-German understanding but also to forge such a link between West Germany and the rest of western Europe that it will be almost impossible for his successor to break it. But this vision of Little Europe is dimmed for more and more of his countrymen by fears of the consequences of his strongly pro-de Gaulle policy. They fear that de Gaulle will sacrifice German interests to get Russian neutrality in the Algerian question. The facts that, even in these days of close Franco-German friendship, Paris should announce again its acceptance of the Oder-Neisse frontier with Poland, and that Paris is unwilling to accept any authority but that of France even inside Nato, are to them warnings that genuine political co-operation in such a western European confederation is still far off. Dr Adenauer has certainly had some shocks in the past few months. But to him, the political conception of Little Europe amounts to a sense of mission; and it will be hard, if not impossible, to divert his aim from that objective.

## Florence

### The Christian Democrat Congress

The seventh congress of the Italian Christian Democratic Party was the first in which two conflicting ideologies have appeared in the party which prides itself on its homogeneous multi-class nature. On the one hand there was an outcry from the left wing – Granelli, Pastore, Fanfani – against the concentration of economic power. On the other hand, the congress finally gave the majority of its votes to the presiding group of Signor Moro, and thus to the kind of business committee, represented by the Fascist-supported Segni government, which protects the *destra economica* – the right-wing world of the monopolies. The important Milanese daily, *Il Giorno*, which supports Fanfani, Mattei and ENI (i.e., the policy of state intervention in the economics of the state) provided during the congress an apt summing-up of the policy of the monopolies in Italy:

> They are bleeding and destroying Italy, but they keep their capital abroad, or they re-invest it in Italy under the cover of American, Swiss, or even Liberian firms. Their ships fly the flag of Liberia. These men, who conceive the state as a sub-department of their monopolies use the Christian Democrats . . . the party that has permitted them to enrich themselves more than any other western bourgeoisie.

In other words, the controlling group of the Christian Democrats is playing into the hands of the Communists by refusing to liberate itself from the influence of the monopolies. Fanfani's supporters therefore maintain that the only hope for the party is to return to De Gasperi's centre-left policy, as it was carried out by Fanfani until the *franc-tireurs* brought about his downfall. They point out that the day it becomes evident to the Italian public that all the Christian Democrat talk of social programmes is so much eye-wash to cover up the operations of the monopolies, that day the Communist party will be capable of obtaining a legal majority in the Italian parliament.

After the fierce controversy of the congress, it is depressing to record the final vote, which put an official seal on the pre-congress situation of support for the Segni government. The haste with which the party tried to allay public fears of a serious split by voting the Moro-Segni group back into power was little short of ludicrous.

BRUCE RENTON

## Beirut

### The Enigma of Iraq

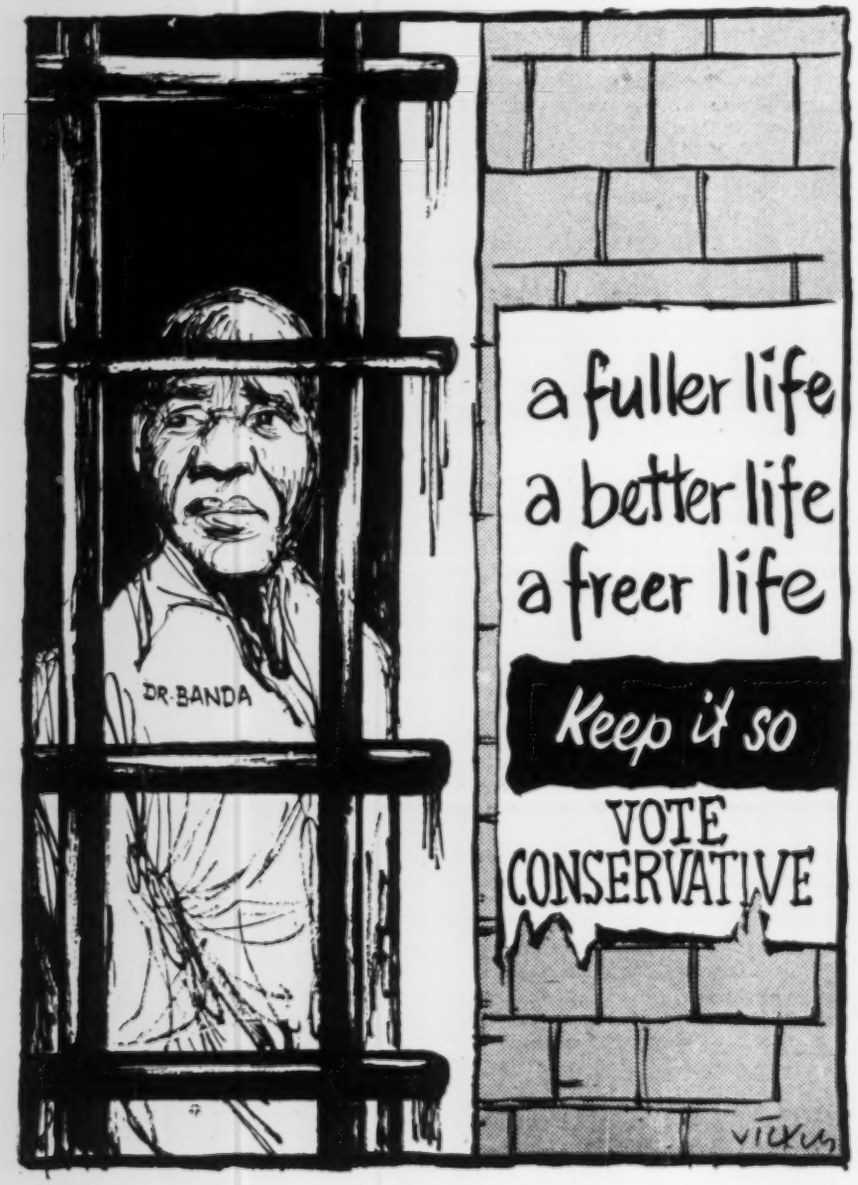
*A Correspondent in Beirut writes:* General Kassem remains the great political enigma of the Arab world. To some he is a magnetic leader, Iraq's last defence against civil war, to others an adventurer who has lately revealed himself as a bloodthirsty Communist pawn. The latter view is not consistently held in Cairo. The Egyptians regard him as a self-seeker who betrayed Arab nationalist hopes of greater unity by breathing new life into the rivalry of the Tigris and the Nile which should have died with Nuri Said, but they are not certain that he accepts orders from the Iraqi Communists. That was the view during the genuine wave of feeling after the execution of 13 army officers last month, but now it is admitted that Kassem is the chief obstacle to the Communists' bid for power. Cairo Radio consistently maintains that it was the Communists who tried to assassinate him. Most of the Iraqis themselves, even those who dislike the Kassem regime, were praying hard that he would not die of his wounds, if only because of the appalling chaos that would have followed. As it is, his temporary loss of authority has caused a sharpening of the division between Communists and nationalists. The proposal made by a leading National Democrat newspaper that Kassem should head a new political party was clearly intended to face the Communists with the choice of either going into opposition or virtually abandoning party activity. The most recent reports from Baghdad suggest that Kassem is relying increasingly on the loyal support of the Kurdish quarter of the population. The Kurdish leader, Mulla Mustafa Barazani, has been his most frequent visitor in hospital. But a regime based solely on the Kurds could not hope to last for long.

Cairo Radio, still much the most effective propaganda organ in the Middle East, hammers home the argument that Iraq is in a state of moral, financial and political crisis, that the nationalists are being persecuted more than under Nuri Said, and that the whole country is sliding steadily behind the Iron Curtain. The Egyptians keep no press or radio correspondents in Iraq and their reports are often wildly inaccurate in detail. But they sometimes score. Cairo Radio, for instance, broadcast an accurate account of the assassination attempt on Kassem, which was later confirmed by the official Bagh-

dad report. The great majority of the Iraqis are now anti-Communist, even if they were not at at the time of the revolution, but they badly need organisation and leaders who can think clearly. One view is that Cairo Radio only strengthens the hand of the Communists. Certainly, the non-Communist Baghdad press feels it necessary to be almost as anti-Nasser as the Communists. The other view is that Nasser must not let up the pressure, or the Arab nationalists in Iraq will feel that they have been abandoned. They have received little enough sympathy from the West. No Iraqi newspaper dares to be openly pro-Egyptian and the wildest attacks on Nasser by Colonel Mahdawi, the grotesque but powerful president of the People's Court, go unchallenged. On the other hand, the newspapers of Kamal Chaderchi's mildly Marxist National Democrat Party, *Al-Ahali* and *Al-Thawrah*, are frequently critical of the Iraqi Communists, while some others even dare to make violent personal attacks on the Communist leadership. One went so far as to print an early poem of Colonel Mahdawi's, a servile ode to the late Prince Regent. The editor was dismissed after a lecture from Kassem, but the paper still appears.

Reports of imminent invasion of Iraq by the UAR and Jordanian forces are premature. The possibility has certainly been considered in Amman and Cairo but there would have to be a real civil war situation in Iraq before they could undertake such a venture. No doubt there is a powerful group near King Hussein which is fostering the pathetic delusion that a Hashemite restoration would be welcomed by the Iraqis, but fortunately it does not appear that the British and US ambassadors are among them. Nasser himself has openly admitted the danger to the northern region of the UAR from Iraq. Every grievance of the Syrians against the Egyptians is exploited in Baghdad and there are many Syrian emigré Communists in Iraq. It might be tempting to make a thrust at Mosul but this would be useless without a simultaneous move on Baghdad which would have to be carried out by Hussein, bent on restoring a Hashemite to the throne. It would be impossible for Nasser to countenance this.

How long can Iraq remain in its present state of tension? A point may come where an authoritarian regime of either left or right would be welcomed by the Iraqis. The economic situation is serious, as the National Democrat press admits. The development programme has slowed down and agricultural production has fallen. Iraq will be saved from economic collapse as long as the oil companies continue to expand their operations; but, without stability, none of the country's great problems can be tackled. The middle classes will not be coaxed into investing in new industries, while it will be impossible to carry out land reform without further decreasing the country's food supplies. Iraq is a dynamic country with a great potential. It could achieve a western standard of living within a generation. But there seems little prospect of this hope being realised.




## Westminster

### Coming to Life

'Old So-and-so made a speech which had 'em rolling in the aisles on the eve of poll. So, as soon as he gets back here, he bats it out at us, forgetting we all made the same speech ourselves. Then there's a long succession of maiden speakers. They're not supposed to be controversial, so they fall back on guide-book descriptions of their own constituencies. And after each one, some bloody liar will say how much we look forward to hearing them again, knowing well enough that when the "maidens" speak again, they'll be talking to an audience of 12 whose dearest wish is that the man on his feet shall improve their own chances of getting in by dropping dead.' This, according to an experienced MP, is what you can expect during the five-day debate on the address at the beginning of a new parliament.

The debate now concluded at times fitted this pattern. There were 16 maiden speeches during the five days, all, bar Mr Edward Gardner, on the Labour side. On the last day, five maiden speakers were called in succession and, though four of them were good and one, Mrs Judith Hart, was outstanding, they inevitably put paid to any hope of debate. The big guns sounded from the front benches at the beginning and boomed back at each other four hours later at the close. It was not surprising that at times attendance should be so thin.

Some interesting points, however, do stand out as one looks back over this first week. The Prime Minister treated the House to a soufflé which had been left rather long in the oven, and to an exposition of parliamentary responsibility for scientific matters which was wholly indigestible. Thereafter he disappeared into the middle air, leaving worldly matters to the two Mr Butlers. The first Butler, that astute manipulator, handled matters with his usual blanditry, which is a companion word to his own 'rivaltry' and means 'expressing in liberal tones whatever is expedient for the Conservative Party'. The deutero-Butler, that admirable leader of the House of Commons, was by turns grave and gay, now closing down the hustings with a witty quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*, now opening up vistas of milk and honey to parched backbenchers.

Then there was Mr Heathcoat Amory, guileless and fair-minded as ever, indeed more so if anything, demonstrating that the Tories had done more than Labour for the old age pensioners, a demonstration which lost nothing but truth from the fact that he omitted from his calculations the increase in the old age pension from 10s. to 26s. which Labour carried through as one of its first acts in 1945. That of course brought Mr Hugh Gaitskell to his incisively contemptuous best, a best which has probably taught the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, even before the proposed tightening of the Companies Acts, it is unwise to juggle with figures.

There was Mr Aneurin Bevan, more nearly on terms with himself again, sparkling with wit – he dismissed the Government's proposed machinery for promoting science with a reference to the Prime Minister's genius for 'putting flamboyant labels on empty luggage' – and bursting with ideas; and perhaps above all, there was the picture of Gaitskell and Bevan together, publicly and genially bantering each other on the subject of televising the proceedings of the House. How times change, and not always for the worse!

Such were some of the generals. But what of the generality. After their third successive electoral win, one expected the Tories to be arrogant. Instead, so far, they have been dignified, almost humble, as if their victory had been almost as much of a shock to them as it had been to their opponents. One would have expected the Socialists, if I may use that title without giving offence to Mr Douglas Jay, to be glum and acrimonious; but instead they are resilient and good-humoured. In this atmosphere there has been a far greater disinclination to score party points – the Chancellor of the Exchequer excepted – and a far greater inclination to apply minds and hearts to the solution of grave problems. This was particularly noticeable in the colonies debate where Mr James Callaghan made clear to the new Secretary of State, Mr Iain Macleod, that, if he will approach with an open mind the colonial problems which deadlocked the previous parliament, he will receive whatever help the Opposition can give him; and it was noticeable, too, in the plea which Gaitskell made to the government for an immediate increase in old-age pensions. Both Gaitskell and Callaghan said in effect: 'We don't give a rap who gets the credit so long as the job is well done'; and this is a good start, by any standards, for a new parliament.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

# Fleet Street

### Malice into Money

'With pleasure and with pride' (but not humility, humility not having been included in the recipe when it was first put in pot to boil 40 years ago), the only newspaper actually founded by Lord Beaverbrook, the *Sunday Express*, has just announced the passing of 'a new milestone on its ever onward march'. It has now achieved an average weekly sale of over 3,500,000, 'the highest sale', as it points out, 'of any quality Sunday newspaper anywhere in the world – *And mark this*. The success of the *Sunday Express* has been achieved without ever stooping to salacity'. Leaving aside for the moment consideration of the meaning of the term quality (and, for that matter, salacity), the *Sunday Express's* 3,500,000 sale is undoubtedly a remarkable accomplishment and one that possibly carries with it several significant lessons for the student of an age. When Beaverbrook gave it birth in 1918, after being thwarted by Lloyd George in an attempt to buy that even higher quality newspaper, the *Sunday Times*, he thought that £20,000 would be enough to see it on the way. Instead it cost him close on half a million pounds of his private fortune. Considering what it is worth now, this was money well spent. It is now read by something over a quarter of the adult population of these islands and by some eight out of every ten of those in the highest income brackets. It is the paper of the successful. Of ten million or so readers more own their own houses and have their own cars than those of any other popular newspaper in the land – and, an interesting point, fewer look at commercial television.

How has Lord Beaverbrook done it? When it was nearly dying on his hands in the early days, he hired to edit it, at a then record salary, one of the most revered male sob sisters of the day, Mr James Douglas – because, said Beaverbrook, 'it needed human sympathy. I was lacking in that human sympathy'. Mr Douglas, helped by Mrs Thompson's letters to Bywaters, turned the tide. Since then Lord Beaverbrook's lack of human sympathy has proved no barrier to success. He and his trained performers have instead evolved a formula for making enemies and influencing people that requires few concessions to sentimentality, except, of course, periodic outbursts of Mr John Gordon's Scottish morality.

The success of the *Sunday Express* is due to Lord Beaverbrook's discovery of three basic facts, not without their importance in the success of the *Daily Express* either: (1) that the majority of the people in the glossier social set have practically no interest in anything but themselves, but like to be in a position to pass the necessary sophisticated remarks about anything currently known to be intellectual; (2) that there are enormous numbers of people on the way up who want to be able to pass themselves off as just like them; and (3) that there is nothing like malice – especially personal malice – to sell a newspaper.

Having got the *Sunday Express* through its first teething troubles, Lord Beaverbrook soon recognised that crime and sex, vicariously presented, were for the lower orders – readers of the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *People* – who did not have the same opportunities as those higher up in the social scale. He banned them from his pages, satisfying his Presbyterian ancestors and his social instinct at one go, and launched instead into the pleasanter task, much suited to his temperament, of making the rich feel happy (and the middle class feel rich) by finding out the worst about their friends and printing as much of it as could be told without actually causing a public scandal. Employed over the years in various gossip features – some signed, some not – with a garnishing of 'sophisticated' women's features and highly personalised film, theatre and book pages, this formula has secured for the *Express* the prestige with socialites which is so important in securing the affection of those moving onwards and upwards through suburbia. Applied to the world of politics in the weekly diary of Crossbencher, it has also given the *Express* an enviable following among parliamentarians anxious to know anything detrimental about their fellow representatives of the public will.

There is, of course, a good deal more to the *Sunday Express* than this in the way of highly machined professional journalism. But these two features, social gossip by the current operator of the golden typewriter, Ephraim Hardcastle, and political malice by Crossbencher, may be said to represent most nearly what the *Sunday Express* uses for a soul. Its values – except for an occasional rumble from Mr Gordon's conscience – are exclusively philistine and material. It is inexhaustibly fascinated by how much money people have and it is basically interested only in success – and, of course, notoriety. When it boasts of its 'ever onward march', it is reporting something significant about our society as a whole.

Francis Williams

# Mr Butler's Flutter

The Betting and Gaming Bill makes fortune an honest woman, except on Sundays, Good Fridays, and Christmas Days, and so long as she keeps off the streets. It looks an excessively complicated measure – 23 involved clauses and six schedules of administrative instruction; but on examination this proves to be largely due to a praiseworthy resolve to 'secure consistency and uniformity in, and facilitate the consolidation of' the law about betting, gaming, and lotteries.

This intention, at least, the bill itself largely achieves, and further tidying up will no doubt be done in regulations which the Home Secretary will make by statutory instrument. The Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries, and Gaming said eight years ago that 'no sensible man could but wish that gambling played a less prominent part in the life of the country than it does', but that when the state restricted any form of amusement it could have no assurance that anything better would take its place. Moreover, the gaming and betting laws had always been negative and piecemeal. All major forms of commercially sponsored gambling should be controlled uniformly, all groups being treated fairly.

Accordingly – for the new bill follows the Royal Commission's line closely – this is not just another Betting and Gaming Bill to swell the textbooks, enrich the lawyers, increase the hazards, and provoke further trickery. It is an important essay in law reform, and a bold one. Hitherto the law of of the land has often been of less practical importance than the 'private' law which the local police have thought up and administered because the elusive 'will of parliament' has been confused or unenforceable.

The main provisions about betting offices and the proposals for taking the middleman's profit out of gaming are unexceptionable: the latter will be unpopular with no one but the socially useless promoters of West End chemin-de-fer parties. But among those which will require further thought, two at least are self-evident. First, in its impact on the general betting public the bill adopts the bad and growing habit, unknown to the Common Law, of shifting the onus of proof from prosecution to defence. A person found in an unlicensed betting office, for example, or suspected of depositing his football pool effort in the corner newsagents', will be liable to a £50 fine; and he will have to prove, if he can, that he had not gone there to bet (which might be awkward for people going in on quite other business). If he cannot, he will be guilty, as he has not been before, of a substantive offence, and he can lawfully be arrested and searched. So can anyone found at a gaming party, but in his case Clause 10(6) requires him to prove not only that he was not there for gaming but that he had no part in the management or in operating any instrument. Hitherto, 'persons resorting', as distinct from the management and staff, have been liable only to a merciful 16th-century fine of six-and-eightpence and a binding-over 'no more to haunt' such evil places.

Secondly, the probable effect on the problem of street betting needs careful assessment. The bill may be presumed to be an expression of the Royal Commission's view that 'the state should not interfere with the amusements of its citizens except so far as it can be shown that these amusements involve serious social consequences'. It

could probably be shown that street bookmakers obstruct the highway – many local Acts that antedate the Street Betting Act of 1906 prescribe punishments for loitering bookies. Even if one promotes highway obstruction to the status of a 'serious social consequence', most of the local Police Acts afford ample scope for moving on the loiterer. But it would be interesting to know how many readers of this article, for instance, even know where to find a street bookmaker now, to say nothing of ever having been obstructed by one.

What else is wrong about street betting? There is already a £50 fine for taking a street bet from anyone under 16, and to go to a betting office you will have to be 18. If betting above those ages is now to be recognised as no longer immoral *per se*, why should it be unlawful, with greatly increased penalties, in the street – or in doorways, a refinement which has been carried into this bill from the Street Offences Act? If the new bill were to lead to a strict enforcement of the Street Betting Act, 1906, thousands of ordinary punters would discover that they were all liable to a fine of £100 merely for handing a betting-slip to a bookie's runner.

It is not difficult to foresee that, with the new street betting clause in operation, the Lord Chancellor will soon be telling magistrates again that they are failing in their responsibility to impose the penalties authorised by parliament. The men coming before them for street betting will be, as they have always been, carefully ill-dressed and impoverished-looking bookies' runners: the proposed £100 fine will be manifestly unrealistic. Yet the notional possibility of such fines will afford new scope for attempts, some of which may succeed, to corrupt the police. At the same time the punters, the legions of two-bob-each-way people who hurry out of office or factory to place their bets at the usual corner, will want street bookmakers and not a betting shop which may be half a mile away; and they will have them. There will never be enough betting shops to absorb more than a fraction of the available business. One estimate is that more than 10,000 would be needed in London alone.

Even the sternest opponents of betting and gaming, however, must welcome this bill for its removal of many anomalies; at the least they will now have a recognisable and propped-up target. Among the Acts scheduled for repeal there are many gaps, and a first impression may well be that the bill will leave the Statute Book more untidy than ever. But the residue will die off as the new Act operates to remove their purpose; and gaming, betting, and lotteries will become in law, as they have long been in fact, an assortment of harmless and mildly exciting diversions for the people. The government has at long last closed its hand upon a very elderly nettle.

# The Small World of the Big Two

It is Nikita Krushchev speaking at a Hollywood banquet. 'After the Revolution, when I was a young working man, very uneducated, I was billeted with a family of Russian intellectuals. They were very cultured people, and though they were anti-Bolshevik, they ended by taking me up and often invited me to meals. They respected me because I didn't steal anything and didn't take advantage of my power, but they couldn't understand the aims of us Bolsheviks. They often asked me the same question: "What exactly do you want? Why are you so fanatical?" And I'd answer: "We want a better future". I couldn't tell them in any greater detail, because I didn't know myself what this future would be. I only knew it would be better.

'My very cultured hosts listened to me sceptically and then asked: "Young man, do you know what a ballet is?" I didn't know. At that time I had never seen a ballet – I hadn't even seen a dancer. But look at things now! Today, it is we – the Communists – who have the best ballet in the world! And, although I don't bother much with the cinema, I'm always reading about our films carrying off the big prizes at the international festivals. It's the same with our theatre, and in every sector of cultural life.'

I heard the same line of argument elsewhere, in Moscow and Leningrad. And it's no use reminding the Russian leaders, or even ordinary Soviet citizens, that the Russian ballet was world famous long before the Revolution, or that during the last 25 years Russian culture has produced little that is good and still less that is specifically Communist. They are almost as proud of their Bolshoi and their Art Theatre as they are of their Sputniks, and they repeat, endlessly, that it is they, the Bolsheviks – the so-called barbarians and destroyers of culture – who have produced the fastest rate of cultural advance in the world.

From one point of view, the claim is fair. Whatever the quality of Soviet cultural output, in sheer quantity it surpasses all the advanced states of the West. Whenever we visited the theatre in Russia we found every seat taken by enthusiastic fans, many of them plainly working-class. I talked with Mr Orvid, the Director of the Opera, and with two of the leading stars of the Art Theatre, Madame Stepanova and Madame Katchanova, about the popularity of 'quality' entertainment in Russia. All three had recently visited Paris and London, and therefore had standards of comparison: they convinced me that there was no equivalent in the West to the extraordinary demand for 'good' plays, films and books among the Russians, particularly among young people.

Indeed, in this sphere, the contrast with the US is as favourable to Russia as the contrast in living standards is favourable to America. When we left the 20th Century-Fox studios, I was tickled to overhear a conversation on this subject between three right-wing British journalists and some local reporters. The British contingent, shocked at the way Krushchev had been received in Los Angeles, recalled how they'd been treated in Russia, when they accompanied Mr Macmillan. They asked: 'Haven't you anything better to show a visiting head of state than the Can-Can? Haven't you got an opera house or a ballet or even a theatre in this town of five million people?' No, they were told. Whereupon, one of the Englishmen exploded: 'Moscow, despite everything, is more civilised. Don't you know that, although it's smaller than Los Angeles, they've got 40 theatres there?'

It might, of course, be answered that even in Los Angeles there are cinemas showing a three-feature programme, and that every kind of 'class' entertainment is available – sometimes – on television. But the Americans themselves admit that the visible weakness of the market in culture is an accurate reflection of the low demand for it. A reasonably well-paid New York journalist told me that the cost of an evening at the theatre was, except on rare occasions, beyond his means. Even books are, to many, an expensive luxury: only newspapers, magazines and TV are within the reach of all.

Another striking feature of US life is the lack of interest which events of crucial importance to the nation seem to arouse. While I was in the country the steel strike was already in its ninth week, but – except in the company of politically-minded leftists – the subject was not even mentioned. Moreover, it couldn't be argued that the steel strike had been eclipsed by the massive coverage of the Krushchev visit, because this itself had to fight for space with the baseball news. A well-known progressive writer, who had braved the fires of the McCarthy era and even publicly condemned the Korean War, put it to me like this. Early in September, he'd been on holiday in Miami. His neighbours on the beach had been a couple of genuine Babbitts – happy, relaxed, obviously not millionaires but average, prosperous Americans. When, one day, he asked them how long they were on holiday for, they replied: 'That doesn't depend on us. We're steel-workers, on strike – and we don't know how long it will last.' How, my American colleague asked, can you expect to get a genuine, radical working-class movement here when even a strike doesn't symbolise a fight to a finish, and doesn't involve the privations and the fanaticism which marked the heroic age of American trade unionism?

True enough, I was warned on this and other occasions against taking the apparent 'prosperity for all' too literally, let alone the 'social reconciliation'. One doesn't need to be a sociologist to realise that Mr Nixon's image of 'the classless American society' is a myth. But it seems to me that the real social and economic problems of America have been swept under the carpet of anti-Communism and the permanent glorification of the US way of life. McCarthyism is no doubt dead, but anti-Communism remains the doctrine and dynamic of American society. US newspapers differ on internal problems, but they are unanimous on the essential aims of US national and international policy – the prevention of the spread of Communism. Where such a threat does not exist it is invented, to maintain the polarisation of the country's life around this single issue.

At the same time press, radio and TV exalt ceaselessly the American way of life, American freedom, American prosperity, American generosity – to the point where most citizens believe that they do in fact live in the best of possible worlds, and that if a few people are poor all the same it's because they can't or won't succeed. Since everyone has his opportunity, and most people, anyway, are too busy buttressing their happiness against Communism, nobody gets excited about the flagrant social injustice and inequality around them. Nobody, that is, apart from a tiny intellectual *élite* who grasp the dangers inherent in this mythology and the political apathy it creates. One of the members of this group took the trouble to show me the New York slums and, in the course of an evening, convinced me that even those Americans 'who don't know what to do with their refrigerators and their automobiles' suffer from deep frustrations. 'You tell me,' he said, 'that in Russia the leadership tries to give a political slant to every aspect of life, while ordinary people don't care a goddam. Here it's the opposite. People have been trapped too long in the race for material success. They're anxious to find a common aim, a social perspective, but this is precisely what the men who run this big business society can't offer them. And we intellectuals simply haven't got the means to supply it instead. Our influence is limited, it can never counterbalance the official machine.'

I confess I was thrown off balance by these

glimpses of pessimism amid the immense complacency of America – just as I had been puzzled by the occasional contradictions of Soviet life. But these two societies, which represent with such ferocity such diametrically opposed ideologies, have at least this much in common: they are both inward-looking, absorbed by their own development and problems. Until recently their attitude towards each other was purely negative and hostile. Since September, a new phase in their relations has opened. They are now in contact: economic competition in a climate of political *détente* is bound to act as a stimulus for both, and not only in the industrial field.

Take, for example, education. Many American friends told me that their parents had been forced to move in order to send them to a decent state school. US schools vary enormously in quality and, in some states, children learn practically nothing. On the other hand, 'private' schools are very expensive and class-ridden. This inefficient and anti-egalitarian system was defended as free and democratic – until the Sputniks and the Luniks came along. Today, even conservatives admit that the country's future demands something better, and some subscribe to the supreme heresy, the introduction of Soviet educational methods. In Russia, too, the Stalinist dictum that Russia had nothing to learn from the outside world was maintained at heavy cost, which the present hierarchy are trying to reduce: the *détente* will oblige them to hasten this process, and open the country to progressive western ideas in a growing number of fields. Efficiency and justice: the two are inseparable, as both giants are discovering.

In this world of widening horizons, will there be a corresponding latitude for the heterodox, who challenged the false assumptions before the march of events began to undermine them? This, at any rate, is the hope of a European Socialist who visited both America and Russia at the moment when their orbits began to coincide.

K. S. KAROL

# Dublin Diary

IT is easy to get into trouble when writing about Ireland. If you try to soften your comments about its poverty and technical backwardness by saying that Irishmen are perhaps wise in trying to keep their island free from mechanisation and materialism and the corruption of progress, you will find no one to agree or applaud. Shaw's Father Keegan may exist, but he is not for public display. You will be told about their rehousing (a really remarkable achievement); about the minister appointed to look after the needs of the poverty-stricken Irish-speaking areas of the west; about the great developments of the sugar-beet industry and the success of the nationalised electricity service which now relies not only on the Shannon and similar schemes, but also on the discovery that powdered turf can be as good as a hydro-electric plant for generating power. (The chief credit for this great idea should really go to an unrecognised inventor named Tweedie who is elaborately forgotten because he turned Communist.) You will be told of the successes of these and other nationalised services, but warned on no account to accuse anyone of Socialism. On the other hand, if you congratulate Irishmen on their progress you will be speedily rebuked for forgetting the shocking condition of the slums and the Connemara homes which are still shared by the cows and the pigs; about the 40 thousand Irish who still emigrate every year, and the miserably low standard of agriculture and the still priest-run villages. You will also be reminded in confidence that there is nothing the Irish so much enjoy as pulling the legs of visiting English and Americans.

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It's coming to you either way. But I shall risk the statement that for the first time in my many periodic visits I felt that Ireland was outliving its past. Nobody mentioned Cromwell, the Troubles or even the Black and Tans. There is something like a New Look – at any rate a forward one. One reason is that De Valera, who cannot help embodying the troubled past, is now out of active politics, a universally respected elder statesman enthroned in Phœnix Park. I found him as stimulating as ever in conversation; he looks remarkably fit; unhappily, he is blind and, some of his friends tell me, chiefly worried because no inventor has yet found a way of enabling him to do the mathematical problems which have been his hobby. I forgot to suggest the possibilities of the abacus which Dr Edith Bone, also a mathematician, found so great a solace when she made one out of pellets of bread in her black Hungarian dungeon. De Valera's place, as Prime Minister and leader of Fianna Fail, is taken by Sean Lemass. He is a man of affairs, interested in the problems of the Common Market and making the nationalised industries efficient; he thinks that not only Guinness, but various industries from abroad – aspirin, textiles and even steel – are good for Ireland. The Fine Gael is led by that independent veteran, James Dillon. Irish politics may in future be dominated by other issues than Partition and the revival of Gaelic.

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To me it has always seemed that the only way to end Partition was by federation, on the basis of independent parliaments, with joint basic services. Two unnecessary obstacles have retarded possible progress since the war. The first was Costello's decision to take Ireland out of the Commonwealth – which is now deplored by many younger spirits; and the second was the IRA campaign of violence which made many Northern Ireland nationalists vote for the Belfast government. There are possible compensations. The IRA is now really discredited; young men in the dreary pubs which offer the only way out of the drearier provincial towns of Ireland must find other amusements than plotting. With the IRA out of the way, Mr Lemass may be able to make a more hopeful approach. At the Oxford Union the other day he spoke hopefully about a time when the question of Ireland's present relations with the Commonwealth can be reopened. If that is Dublin's state of mind, the chief obstacle is now Lord Brookeborough's intransigent attitude towards any suggestions for further economic co-operation.

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To revive their half-forgotten national languages is an intelligible objective for states which have just won their freedom. The only case that occurs to me where the experiment has been really successful is in Israel, where everyday conversation is actually carried out in Hebrew. In Ireland I have always thought the compulsory learning of Gaelic reactionary and unnecessary. That Irish should be one of the second languages taught and that it be kept alive by scholars in universities is, of course, desirable. But the chief result of attempting to make everyone learn it has been to retard education. Years are spent at school in acquiring not much more of it than boys learn of Greek at English public schools. They promptly forget it. According to the 1936 census, 23 per cent. of the population claimed to know Irish; the number had dropped to 21 per cent. in 1946, and to such a low figure in the 1956 census that a pretext had to be found for not revealing the result. Only six of the 60 members of the Senate can now speak Irish, and, perhaps the most convincing proof, the *Irish Press*, its great advocate, now only runs two out of its 80 columns in Gaelic. The controversy, of course, continues. Its outspoken opponents, the National Progressive Democrats, represented by two deputies, Dr Noel Browne and Mr McQuillan, held a meeting on the subject in Dublin while I was there. It was an uproarious occasion because half the audience belonged to the Gaelic League. Because these two able deputies stand for the modern world, and have behind them Dr Browne's splendid record in fighting tuberculosis and building hospitals when he was a minister, they exercise an influence in the Dail out of all proportion to their numbers. The most encouraging fact of recent Irish history was Dr Browne's battle with the reigning Catholic bishops. He lost it at the time, but if Ireland is to be a modern state, his cause must triumph.

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The basic weakness of Ireland is its primary and secondary education, which is still largely dominated by the ironically named Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy. Under their hands the boys and girls of Ireland are steadily beaten (with what the Irish call the rod) into a knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and not much else. It is the historical propaganda taught in these schools that is primarily responsible for the continued recruitment of young men into the IRA. Some technical colleges have been built, and the universities – especially, I am told, that of Galway – have been recently in some degree reformed. Equipment for teaching science in schools is still primitive and the shortage of science teachers is almost desperate. While the medical schools still turn out – and I mean turn out of Ireland – excellent doctors, the basic fact is that the outlook and training of most young people in Ireland is deliberately channelled into an anti-scientific mould. An encouraging symptom was a brave speech by Professor Meara of the University College of Dublin. He protested vehemently against the ignorance of the clerical orders who teach Irish children to be ignorant.

* * *

Is it still true, I asked, that the bishops control Irish politics? 'Well', said my friend, 'Fianna Fail usually falls on its knees before the bishops; Fine Gael falls over on its face.' But there are encouraging signs. The foreign minister, Mr Aiken, has taken an independent line at the United Nations. He has spoken up, as an Irishman should, for oppressed people like the Algerians, and he has even, in spite of clerical and American sentiment, voted for a proper discussion of Peking's claim to be a member of the UN. The Irish delegation in New York was rung up by Cardinal Spellman and ordered not to support such a motion. Mr Aiken totally disregarded this impudent attempt to browbeat the independent Irish government.

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The Irish, unlike the British, appreciate irony. When Claud Cockburn wrote a broad satire, soberly examining the case for torture, it was English, not Irish, readers who wrote protesting. I suppose the same thing may follow Ralph Miliband's satire on .e Labour inquest, called *A Re-Thinking Sermon*, in this week's issue!

* * *

The Irish have not lost the bite or ingenuity of their wit. The following dialogue was reported to me as an example of how the rules of the Dail

can be fairly circumvented. A minister had been caught out in a singularly mean trick. A member rose above the uproar to put a point of order:

MEMBER: Is it in order, Mr Speaker, to call a Minister a sewer rat?

SPEAKER: I heard no such words used.

MEMBER: But Mr Speaker, would it be in order for a Member to make such a comparison?

SPEAKER: Certainly not.

MEMBER (gratefully, as it were speaking for his constituents): Thank you, Mr Speaker. The sewer rats will be greatly relieved.

* * *

I returned to London in time to enjoy Monday night's vaudeville in honour of Hannen Swaffer's eightieth birthday. Beverley Baxter's preliminary pirouette was feeble and Herbert Morrison's only competent. But Swaffer himself was in outrageous form, keeping the hilarious attention of 200 hard-boiled journalists with a mixture of egotistic slap-stick and irreverent bulls-eyes. (According to report, Swaffer asked for places to be reserved for his departed friends, whose ghosts would surely be present, but was thwarted by the Savoy's habit of charging, not for meals eaten, but for covers reserved.) Scornfully scanning the row of press bosses, including his own, at the high table, Swaffer said he didn't know who ought to own the press, but it couldn't be the present lot. The choice was between 'Socialism and Roy Thomsonism'. He told the journalists to damn all the famous nobodies they had created and now worshipped. A monstrous tirade with lots of social significance as outcrops. I got home in time to see the ITV talk between Paul Robeson and Yehudi Menuhin. It almost reconciled me to the hours of muck I need not view. Such conversations are an art form specially suitable for television. Here were two great artists talking at their ease about the one subject that absorbed them, with no gadgets, nothing but a common experience of music, with Paul, at intervals, illustrating the theory he has made so peculiarly his own about the universality of folk melodies from Africa, Scotland and the Soviet Union. Such talks with Robeson are to continue on Mondays; it will be worth while being home on purpose to see and to hear them.

CRITIC

# This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

How grateful Indian soldiers would be at this moment if they were commanded by British officers, as they were in the past. The Chinese would be taught a lesson they would not forget.—Letter in *Glasgow Evening Times*. (J. Baird.)

'We run our cars like first-class hotels,' said a Pullman official rather snootily to me yesterday. 'On British Railways meals are merely for people who want to eat.'—*Daily Express*. (Michael Pearson.)

'I place my animals first and foremost in my life and if they are unhappy at night they come to my bedroom, much against the wishes of Mr Marlow. He now has his own room,' said Mrs. Marlow.—*Daily Telegraph*. (C. D. Peere.)

Fox-hunting Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, 21-year-old daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, has a date in the church hall near her father's castle on Friday with the local branch of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection. Wondering how Lady Anne reconciles her support for this cause with her own love of fox-hunting, I phoned her. Angrily she said: 'There is no connection. One is sport and the other is downright cruelty.'—*Sunday Dispatch*. (S. D. Lewis.)

# The New Style Tart

*[The author of this article, who must remain anonymous, has recently completed a special investigation into London prostitution since the implementation of the Street Offences Act.]*

OVERNIGHT, on 15 August 1959, the whole visible pattern of prostitution in London disintegrated. The many hundreds of girls who by long tradition had nightly traded their sex on the streets suddenly vanished. The Street Offences Act had not caught them unawares. Indeed, from the moment when the Wolfenden Committee's proposals were first published, prostitutes studied them anxiously and discussed them angrily among themselves. Opinion was united on one point: that the much stiffer penalties, especially the threat of eventual imprisonment, would make open street soliciting far too dangerous a method of securing custom.

As mid-August drew near, magistrates made a point of reminding prostitutes in court of the drastic change that was coming. For weeks beforehand, girls seen loitering on the regular beats were informally warned by police patrols to expect no leniency in the future; the new law was to be determinedly and rigorously applied. The heavy fines imposed since the new Act came into force have indeed left no doubt about the official determination to keep the streets cleared, and some repeated offenders have already been sent to prison. The notable success of the Act in achieving its purpose thus far is impressively reflected in the numbers of soliciting charges: the monthly total of prostitutes now coming before the courts is roughly equal to the previous daily total.

Statistics, of course, can be as misleading as outward appearances can be deceptive; and it would be wrong to deduce from either that prostitution as such has been defeated by the latest measures. In fact, it continues to prosper, although certain sections have gone under almost completely. Among these are the veterans – the group of ageing women who have spent the last 20 or 30 years on the job. Now in their fifties – some are in their sixties – they know only the pavement trade and are quite unable to envisage any other means of securing custom. Since they are also far beyond planning any other kind of life, they present an unhappy social problem. Another section drastically affected are the part-time amateurs. A lot of these were married women who supplemented their husbands' earnings by casual prostitution one or two nights each week. To them prison would be ruinous: besides the utter social disgrace, in itself decisive, there would in many instances be the intolerable prospect of children deprived of a mother for up to three months.

These two categories, veterans and casual amateurs, together formed a sizeable minority. Their almost universal retirement has created a shortage and left the field free for the regular professional. How is she re-establishing herself? The favourite prediction was that she would become a call-girl, with all the soliciting done in safety on the telephone – by the client. The call-girl system is as old as the telephone itself. But the popular image of its main features is quite unreal.

It is true that a non-specialist call-girl can earn upwards of £200 a week tax free, but such success is exceedingly difficult to attain. A girl will almost always avoid using her place of residence; and to acquire premises for her purposes means finding a willing landlord who, very conscious of the risks, will try to demand for the meanest apartments as much as £30 to £40 a week payable six months in advance. Since an overlap of clients could result in a breach of the privacy which every customer takes for granted, the premises must comprise at least four rooms. These will have to be pleasantly decorated, furnished and maintained. The girl must have an extensive wardrobe of clean and fashionable clothing. Electrical and other equipment for the many clients who require gratification in abnormal ways must be purchased and kept in order. Important accessories like chains, whips, canes, costume disguises, transvestist outfits, and obscene photographs have all to be organised.

Every call-girl aims at securing a regular clientele; but in fact she seldom does. Most clients enjoy variety, and in any case are anxious to avoid forming the real relation that might result from visiting the same girl too often. And since many clients come from the 'respectable' middle classes, it is practically unknown for her address or telephone number to be handed on spontaneously from client to client. So she must advertise continuously and extensively.

Unlike the street-girl, the call-girl generally has no ponce to help her. She relies enormously on her maid, who, besides cleaning, cooking and shopping, answers all telephone inquiries, boosting her employer's attractions and supplying particulars of measurements, age and colouring. She arranges the appointments, shows in and ushers out all clients, is ready to cope vigorously with awkward ones, and to keep a close watch for police agents. Occasionally she develops Lesbian relations with her mistress, but her main function is still both practical and essential. She is frequently a retired prostitute herself, and her wages are an agreed proportion of the total takings. There is always a fixed tariff. At the present time this starts on average at one guinea for straightforward masturbation ('massage'). When it is less straightforward ('toning treatment') the charge is two guineas, which is also the average fee for ordinary sexual intercourse ('full personal service'). A successful call-girl's maid can always assure inquirers that her mistress is 'very adaptable', and variations such as the 'corrective treatment' provided for masochists can cost up to five guineas, according to the time involved.

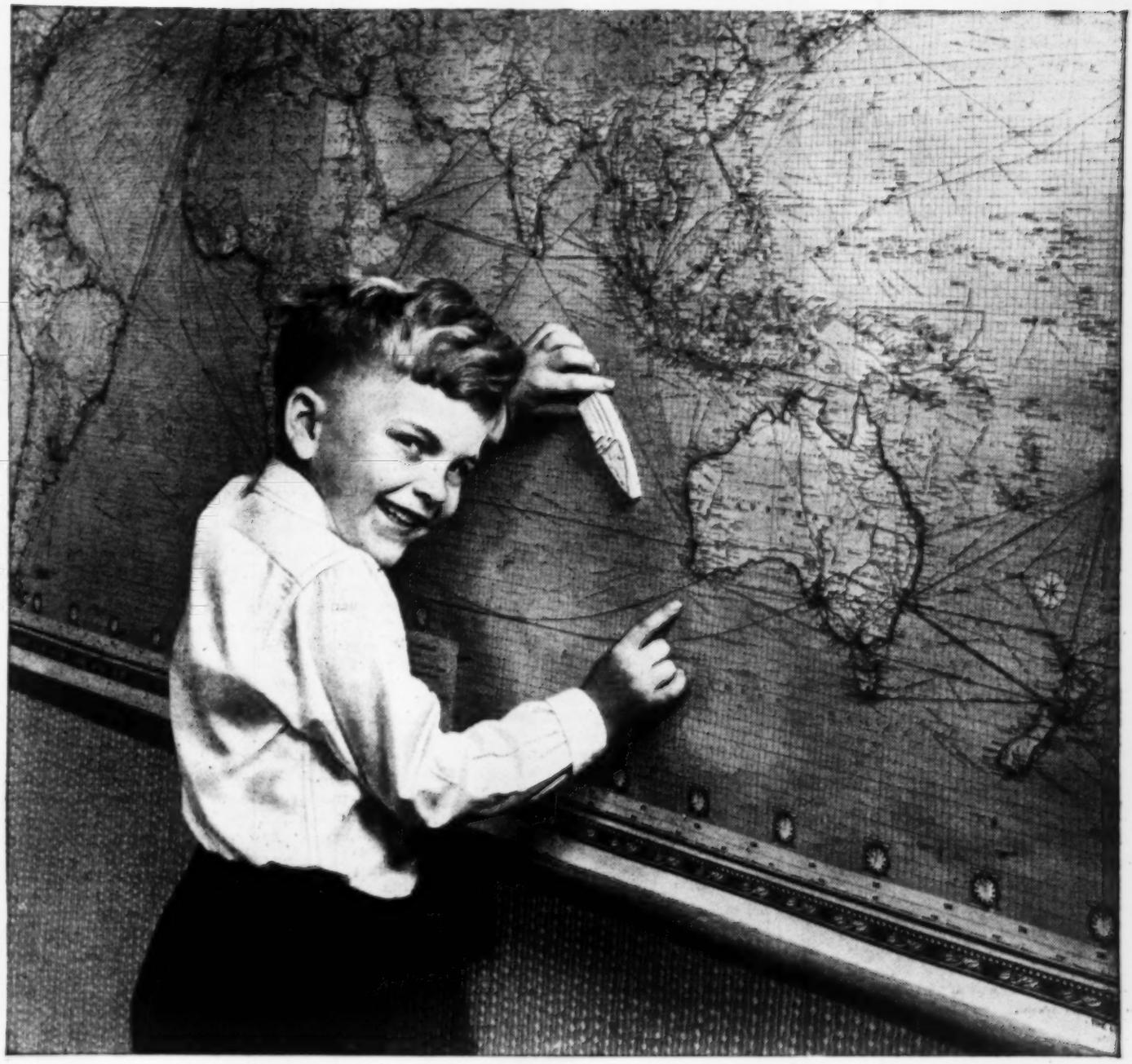
The typical street-girl is very far removed from all this complex organisation, which requires a bank balance and an administrative skill quite beyond the scope and competence of most prostitutes. That is the main reason why very few regular street-girls have become call-girls – despite many newspaper stories to the contrary. Another reason is the Act's provision for much stiffer penalties for living on immoral earnings. Some landlords, fearing imprisonment for up to seven years, have actually cancelled long-standing tenancies, and there is evidence that the total number of call-girls has in fact decreased.

A street-girl has often been depicted as glamorous, intelligent, and sophisticated. When anyone answering such a description really does appear as a street-girl – it happens extremely

*NEXT WEEK*

**Children's Books**

*A pre-Christmas Supplement of extra literary pages*



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rarely – her existence emphasises the deficiencies of the others. The latter compensate, however, for their extremely limited education and intelligence with a marked cunning and determination, which at present are geared wholly to exploiting their scarcity value and to overcoming the new law. Although a girl no longer blatantly parades her wares, there is still an immense amount of direct street soliciting, now performed tacitly and furtively. Rightly believing it would be difficult to sustain a charge brought against a girl when escorted by a man, the ponce is emerging increasingly – if cautiously – from the shadows and walking along arm in arm with his girl, standing discreetly aside as a prospective customer approaches. An elaborate look-out system has been set up to give all-clear and warning signals in relation to the very frequent police patrols. Among those to take advantage of this are groups of girls who stroll along together, doing their surreptitious soliciting on a strict rota basis. Many street-girls have completely abandoned the regular beats, and are doing very well in hitherto respectable neighbourhoods, where the police seldom patrol but where growing numbers of car customers are quickly learning the geography. A few underground stations and some sections of the London tube are already recognised by both parties as profitable hunting grounds. There has been a conspicuous increase in the number of prostitutes soliciting from their own cars – kerb-crawling in reverse – while the biggest increase of all is in café soliciting.

The most significant development is the large number of prostitutes who for the first time have regular jobs, often in factories and packing depots. In addition to the new-found attractions of assured wages and plenty of company, many find that each pay-day brings opportunities for safe and successful soliciting among their male workmates. Some have managed to find work in canteens and restaurants, where the passing trade provides equally favourable scope.

Street prices are still a matter for *ad hoc* bargaining, and depend on the hour, the immediate demand, and the look of the customer. They have risen in keeping with the increased risk and now exceed the call-girl's fees. In Soho, a 'play-around' (masturbation) is approximately £1; a 'short-time' (intercourse) anything from £2 upwards, with an all-night session not less than £6. These charges (which are approximately double in Mayfair) do not apply to the 'drinking clubs', where a customer must expect to spend at least £3 on coloured liquids before his 'hostess', who depends solely on commission, will oblige.

If all these trends do not yet constitute the complete new pattern, they do at least illustrate that the laws of supply and demand apply to prostitution just as forcefully as to any other commercial situation. They also confirm that, in the face of its latest adversity, the oldest profession in the world has lost none of its flexibility or resilience.

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*A Welsh Coxswain*

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# A Re-Thinking Sermon

THE title of my sermon, 'Should We Drop Christ?' will have surprised some of the more traditionally-minded among you, but facts have to be faced. And the first fact that has to be faced is that Christ, whatever attraction he may have had in the past, is now a definite hindrance to the propagation of Christianity. Our churches are getting emptier and emptier and our message isn't getting through. I am convinced the reason for this is our obsessional concern with the figure of Christ.

There was no doubt a time when charity, love, brotherhood, the redressing of injustices, chasing moneylenders from the temple, hostility to the rich and the powerful – in short, the image which Christ gave to Christianity – had an appeal. This is no longer the case. Values are changing, have changed. Injustice has greatly diminished (thanks, of course, to our efforts); the rich aren't as rich as they were, and moneylenders, let's admit it, have a part to play. In fact, people have rather come to like them. No faith that attacks them is, let me tell you, going to get very far these days. As to love, charity and brotherhood, they have been rejected by the people, repeatedly and decisively, and it's about time we started to take account of what the people *want*, instead of telling them what's good for them. All the old, obsolete values are contained in the figure of Christ. Therefore, I say, drop him.

I will no doubt be asked: what are you going to put in place of the values represented by Christ? I will answer that question, but let me first make another suggestion which seems appropriate at this time, and which naturally follows from the dropping of Christ. I believe we should change our name. Instead of Christianity, which is old and dreary, we should call our faith The New Faith or The Real Faith, which would also have the advantage of drawing to us all kinds of people who *roughly* believe what we believe but who have been repelled by our insistence that Christ was all-important to us. Surely we do want converts. We need converts. And we shall not get them without some pretty drastic changes.

What is the message of our rejuvenated faith to be? The first thing it must be, let me repeat, is *acceptable* to the largest number of people. It must therefore be up to date and take account of modern conditions. To begin with, I want us to say that sin, though still wrong in principle, is not unacceptable to us, provided it is kept under proper control. We certainly must be hard on those who sin regularly and blatantly. But we must also tell people that there are forms of sin which we not only accept, but which we positively welcome. Secondly, we must change the whole emphasis of our message. Our insistence that we are above all concerned with the poor, the meek and the mild, has been all wrong, and has done us great harm. We must tell the rich that we care for them too, deeply, and that we do see their problems and difficulties, and that we want to help them as much as anybody else. Thirdly, we ought to say that, though we don't actually believe in the law of the jungle, we do believe there is an intermediate point between it and the brotherhood of man, and that a kind of qualified free-for-all, with the Devil *sometimes* being allowed to take the hindmost, seems to us a pretty reasonable compromise. And compromise, I want to say, we certainly must have. I also think, by the way, that we have been much too hard on the Devil in the past. Many people, whether we like it or not, genuinely believe in him – and we simply cannot afford to alienate them any longer. Ours must be a *broad* creed.

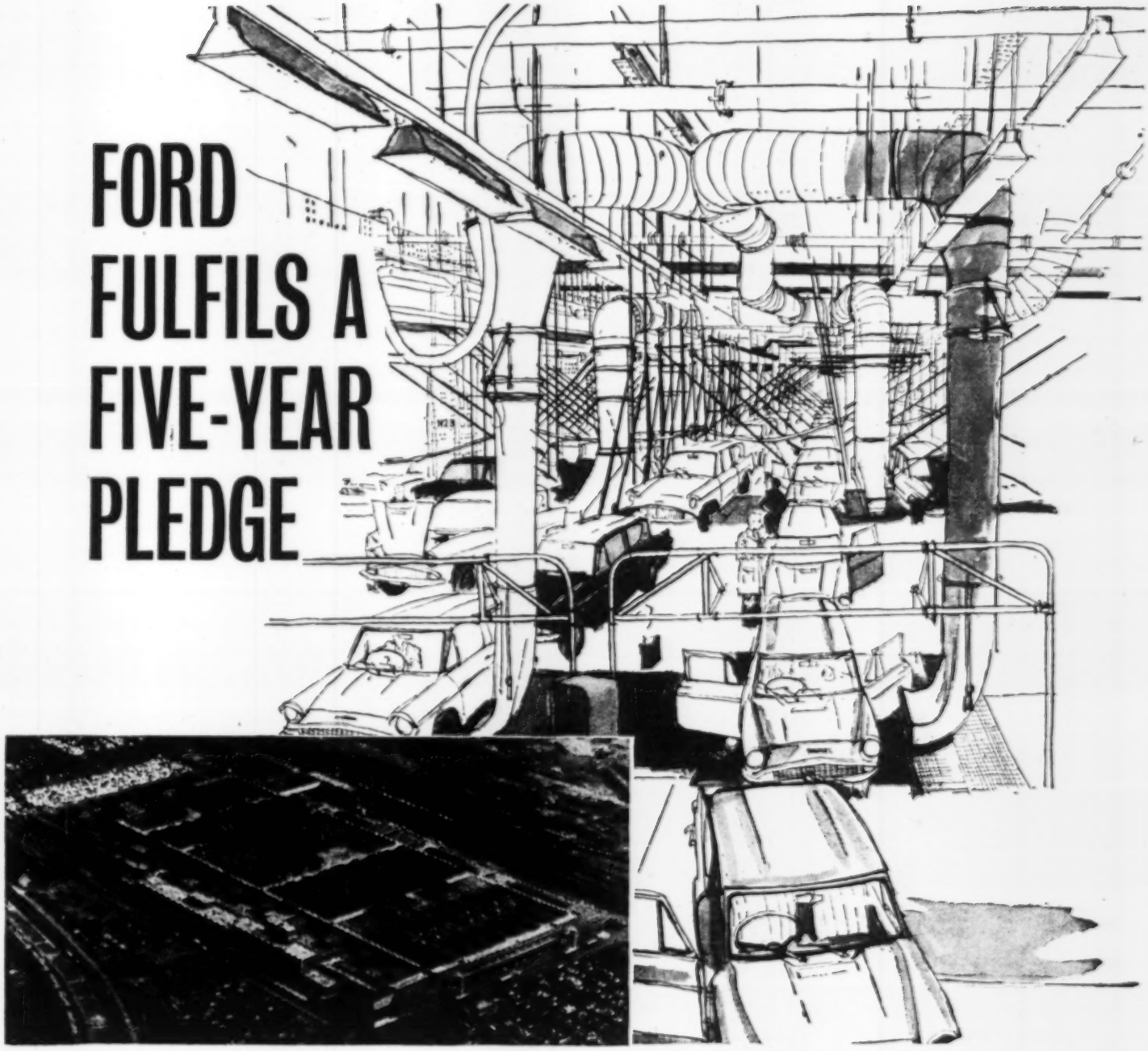
These proposals – which are only a beginning, but which will give you the drift of my thought – will, of course, be bitterly resisted by some so-called Christians. We have all come across the fanatics and fundamentalists in our midst (and how much harm they have done us in the past!) whose minds are full of shibboleths and antiquated prejudices. It is *they* who are the most dangerous enemies of our faith. I don't expect them to change. They will – in time – have to be got rid of. We shall be the stronger for their departure. Let them retire into the wilderness, where they belong, and continue to preach their dreary little sermons about Christ and Christian values. I am quite confident that, given sufficient up-to-dateness on our part, they will soon be quite forgotten.

Two more things. I believe we should progressively cease to have church services. Our main effort must lie in the new and exciting fields of mass communications, particularly television. That is where we must put our image across. And not with sermons, which are so often boring. What we need is powerful plays, indeed thrillers, packed with action, sex and crime, and *also* with a New-Faith message. I am sure the television authorities would welcome an initiative on our part, if we can show them that we are living in the present and not in the past. Finally, we shall have to make drastic changes in our insanely cumbersome machinery for settling matters of faith and church organisation. We shall have to invest our High Priest (and isn't this a much more attractive title than Archbishop which is, let's face it, pretty dreary?) with absolute power so that the creed may be instantly and radically changed whenever he feels that people are getting tired of this or that part of the message. There is something to be said for democracy, but *outside* the Church, not inside. Our rivals know this. If we are to meet them on equal terms, we must learn it too.

Given these reforms, which, when you come to look at them closely, aren't nearly as revolutionary as they might appear at first sight, I believe that we can assure a much brighter future, not only to the priesthood (though this is not to be underestimated), but also to all those, and they are legion, who *want* to look to us for salvation or, to use more modern language, for adjustment.

RALPH MILIBAND

# FORD FULFILS A FIVE-YEAR PLEDGE



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# The Parrot

WHEN Charles O'Malley came amongst us in retirement he was broken in health, and it was evident that he was not long for this world. He bought the house of the late Mr McGarrity, and engaged the services of Miss McGintey, a good soul of mature years with some profession to gentility, but of decayed estate. Of his past we knew nothing, but it was surmised that he had acquired considerable wealth by dubious means. He sorted ill with our community: his manners were so debauched and his views so infidel that little conversation was possible with him. As, however, he was practically an invalid, he would have impinged little upon our life had it not been for his parrot.

From the day of his arrival the parrot dominated our lives. Its command of human speech was matched only by the iniquity of its utterance: never did man so foully rail against religion as did this infamous bird; even those who had served with the British in India stopped their ears at its utterance. Yet O'Malley, for all that he had one foot in the grave, would sit back in his chair listening to it by the hour, and even schooling it to ever more horrid blasphemies.

The house adjoining O'Malley's was inhabited by Miss Hanrahan, the daughter of old Dr Hanrahan who died these many years back. She was an elderly lady, whose zeal for virtue and good works was undiminished by the ravages of years. As her house overlooked O'Malley's, she was the first to suffer from the blasphemies of the parrot. A letter to O'Malley from her solicitor resulted in the former having himself propped up in a chair in his garden and the parrot's perch placed beside Miss Hanrahan's hedge. There the infidel bird railed against religion by the hour every fine afternoon. O'Malley even taught it to shriek 'To Hell with the Pope', although there was no evidence that he had ever trifled with Protestantism. In the end Miss Hanrahan swore out an injunction against the parrot for a common blasphemer and against O'Malley for a comforter and abettor of the same. That, we all thought, would be the end of both O'Malley and the parrot. But we had counted without the power of wealth. Within a fortnight O'Malley had a young lawyer flown over from Chicago to contest the injunction; he produced such arguments and witnesses that the tables were wholly turned, and Miss Hanrahan stood in peril of being indicted for keeping a disorderly house. After that O'Malley had us all at his mercy, so that the parish priest counselled forbearance and the youngest curate, who had graduated in classics, preached on the text '*Justitia claudicat*'.

The end came as all foresaw: O'Malley was carried off by the Devil in the small hours of a windy morning. When Dr McGuiness signed the certificate with 'Death by Damnation', he expressed the opinion of us all, though this was subsequently questioned by a clerk in the Dublin Registry. Hardly was the breath out of his body than Miss McGintey was for wringing the neck of the infamous bird, but was restrained by the doctor, who pointed out that it was part of the estate, albeit he hoped to see it burn in Hell for all eternity along with its master.

By O'Malley's will the entire estate was bequeathed to Miss McGintey, and its extent amazed us. There was, however, one proviso: for the duration of the natural life of the parrot Miss McGintey should enjoy only the usufruct of the estate; at its death she should inherit it in full propriety. But if she, directly or indirectly, by means natural or supernatural, contrived or compassed the death of the parrot, she should forfeit all interest in the estate which would then cede to the Atheistical Propaganda Society in London, save the sum of $10,000 (US) – O'Malley being a travelled man had little faith in the minor currencies – which should be held in trust by his solicitor for payment to anybody giving evidence leading to the conviction and imprisonment of Miss McGintey on this or any other charge.

The effects of the will were various. Miss McGintey hastened to victual the parrot, which since the death of its master she had kept starved in a wine-cooler. Miss Hanrahan, whose affairs were less prosperous than most of us believed, fell to abusing Miss McGintey for fostering a blasphemer. The new situation preyed upon the conscience of Miss McGintey. To live with a bird which spent hours daily railing at all her religious beliefs stretched forbearance to the utmost. A Redemptorist whom she consulted advised her to wring its neck and have done with it, but when Miss McGintey reflected that Miss Hanrahan would profit thereby by $10,000 (US) and that she herself must languish in gaol, she dismissed the advice as a counsel of perfection, and took that of the youngest curate, whose classical education had given him a certain breadth of opinion, and who had pointed out that by bearing with the parrot, she must in course of nature inherit vast wealth and much of this could be devoted by way of reparation to charitable causes. Miss Hanrahan meanwhile took care that the parrot should not be forgotten and gave tea parties on Fridays, at which prayers and acts of reparation were offered for its blasphemous obscenities. She also purchased a spy-glass to keep it the closer under observation.

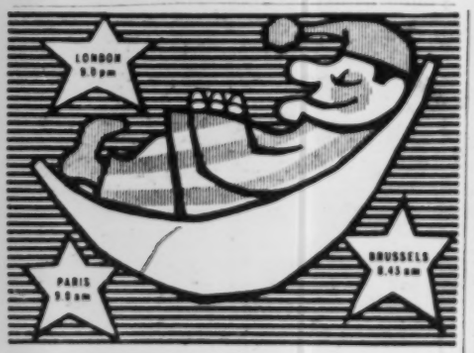
Conditions in the village deteriorated and many feared civil disorder, with a return of the Black and Tans in support of the parrot. It was at this juncture that Fr Elias intervened. Passing the house one day, he was assailed by the parrot's filthy railings against religion. He therefore boldly entered in and laid upon it a curse of such efficacy that, to the horror of Miss McGintey, who foresaw life imprisonment, it dropped from its perch like one dead and hung inanimate by the leg chain, its wings asplay, and its feathers reversed. With a shriek Miss McGintey seized it and sought by every means to revive it, but without effect. She then implored Fr Elias not to inflict upon her in this life the torments that the parrot must already be suffering in the next. The good man relented and said that he would lift the curse, so that the parrot should henceforth speak only to the glory of God and the edification of man. The trembling Miss McGintey said she desired nothing more, and the good father then gave it his blessing. With a tremor the parrot opened one eye and croaked '*Laus Deo semper*'.

Now was wrought a great transformation. The parrot which had hitherto been an object of infamy and detestation suddenly became the idol of the community. No longer was its beak wet with cursing and blasphemy, it now uttered only texts, and always of a most apposite character. Miss Hanrahan was one of the first to learn of the change in the parrot, for listening closely as was her wont to the parrot's blasphemies, in the hope that poor Miss McGintey would dash out its brains, she now heard it quoting scripture like a mission preacher. All now flocked to Miss McGintey's parlour, not once a week, but every afternoon and were regaled by the parrot with well-chosen texts in impeccable Latin.

The cult of the parrot grew apace. The youngest curate preached on the text '*Laudate eum omnes psittaci*' and adduced many improving examples of parrots from antiquity to show how favoured was the village. The Monsignor reacted otherwise. He was a protonotary apostolic of the old school and still rode to hounds. Passing the house one day he called in, and on being saluted by the parrot with *Hi in curribus et hi in equis*, he struck it smartly on the head with his hunting crop and bade Miss McGintey fatten it for the pot. The general reaction, however, was one of veneration for the bird. Mrs Leary, who assiduously attended the afternoon sessions with many of her brood of 12, declared that words of such sanctity should not be heard sitting. She therefore brought a *prie-dieu* and knelt throughout. Miss Hanrahan, not to be outdone in devotion, sought on one occasion to kiss the parrot's foot, whereby she acquired so lacerated an ear that everybody took it to be a judgment upon her.

But as the fame of the parrot mounted, so the female vice of jealousy burgeoned in Miss McGintey's bosom, and as her animosity against the bird increased so she dwelt upon its previous horrid railings against religion, to which she had perforce listened for the nine months prior to its conversion. She now came to think that there was some force in these statements. Slowly the foundations of her belief were being sapped.

The end of Miss McGintey's association with the parrot came more suddenly than might have been expected. She was roused one night in the small hours by Mrs Leary beating loudly on the door for admittance. When she inquired through the window what ailed the good woman, the latter replied that she had just had a dream in which she beheld the parrot carried up to Heaven in glory and was come to verify whether it were true or no. For perhaps the only time in her life,

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Miss McGintey thought and acted quickly. Wringing the parrot's neck, she concealed the remains in her escritoire and admitted Mrs Leary to see the empty perch with its dangling chain. Mrs Leary fell upon her knees and returned thanks for so great a manifestation. She then took the empty perch and roused us all with the news, which many took amiss. By mid-day most of the village was in Mrs Leary's parlour agape at the empty perch and the ever more detailed narrations of her vision. At mid-day also, Miss McGintey, in the seclusion of the house that was at last her own, had the parrot, roast with green peas, and enjoyed it.

Miss McGintey's subsequent career was brief but colourful. Realising the vast fortune of which she was now undisputed possessor, she retired to Rome, where on the Pincian she settled down in a small but expensive flat, bought a very large car, and acquired a young and handsome chauffeur named Giuseppe. Free from care, she gave herself over entirely to a life of pleasure and exploration.

Unfortunately, zest overbore her constitution. Forty years of virtue were but a sorry preparation for an old age of dissipation, and Miss McGintey expired amidst the delights that she had savoured too late. She died fortified by the rites of religion, but on her death-bed besought the prayers of the horrified onlookers for that she had killed and eaten her greatest benefactor. This gave Giuseppe to think how narrow had been his escape. He therefore countermanded the order for a tombstone in the form of two love birds, but as one of these was already made he decided to use it. Miss McGintey's remains lie in the Campo Verano brooded over by the stoney eye of a parrot.

ROBERT NICHOLL

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## Justification by Works

WHENEVER you hear someone say that such-and-such a programme 'alone justifies the invention of television', the programme has almost always been one which introduces us to a human being, displaying him for the first time or with unprecedented intimacy, revealing the skull beneath the skin and the soul within the skull—Jung, perhaps, or, in last Sunday's *Book Man*, Vladimir Nabokov.

Not that ABC's *Book Man*—though greatly improved since its revival under the genially sophisticated editorship of Alan Pryce-Jones—is to be compared with *Face to Face*, either in pictorial excellence or in the intensity of the exploratory experience that it offers. Sunday's experience, a genuinely enlivening one, seemed to occur almost by chance—or rather, to be fair, because producer and interviewer must have decided to risk letting Mr Nabokov project his own vivid personality with a minimum of interruption.

What he said was packed with phrases that made one sit up. His life, he said, 'unfolds in three corkscrews—a Hegelian triad of time': this meant his life in Russia, in Europe, and in America, where he became 'an ambitious young lepidopterist at Harvard'. As such, and as one of the leading authors in what he called 'Emigrevia', he testified: 'I know what a caterpillar must feel on the rack of metamorphosis.' His lowering glare was hypnotic, his rather thick consonantal emphases compelling. When something was said about Mr Nabokov's most important work, we thought we knew what was coming. . . Oh, no! This was his translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*. But we were allowed a few touching phrases about the 'poor little nymphet', the 'Alice in a prison of mirrors' who was, after all, the topical pretext for Mr Nabokov's presence on our screens.

This strong item rather hogged this edition of *Book Man*; but that admirably serious actor and writer, Robert Shaw, author of *The Hiding Place* (who said 'I brood about people who are shut up') made one want to read the sequel that he refused us; and there was an introduction at second-hand to a character of a very different kind, Ronald Knox. Douglas Woodruff said that he had heard a man in a pub say 'I could read about Ronnie Knox all my life'; but John Bowen thought him 'quite extraordinarily uninteresting' and 'not a deep thinker', and seemed to dismiss the work of translating the Bible anew as a triviality that only a *pasticheur* would bother with. I think we can assume that Mr Waugh refused to appear in this programme. This was, in the circumstances, a pity.

A more solidly hewn face and character, those of Frank Cousins, were displayed (to Welsh viewers only, and to those of us with access to a special monitor in London) in TWW's *Challenge* series late on Monday night. Though this deprived the West of the chance of seeing Yehudi Menuhin's informal *Reunion with Robeson*, it is a creditable series and an example of the regional enterprise of which I wrote last week. An eminent person is quizzed—for a full half-hour, an improvement on the skimpy time normally allowed for this sort of thing on ITV—by four students from universities in the region. On Monday, Mr Cousins was confronted first with a foolishly formulated question, 'Do the Unions want to rule?', and had little difficulty in flattening—with an air of pained patience—his brash and inexperienced questioners, who didn't ask him any of the things that he might have had some difficulty in answering but concentrated on points that could have been derived from the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence columns or a Central Office brief to hecklers. In the nature of the programme, the two sides cannot be evenly matched; and part of its charm—though it is slightly frustrating—is in this contrast between knowledge and immaturity.

Earlier on Monday Mr Bevan had startled Parliament with a proposal which might lead to the appearance on TV of several hundred interesting new faces—for, as those who have watched *Who Goes Home?* know, MPs are by no means so uniform in appearance and manner as cartoonists sometimes suggest.

Mr Bevan's proposal is simply that the technical possibilities of televising Parliament should be investigated. If it should prove possible, there are still formidable arguments, *pro* and *con*, which have been canvassed before and would have to be examined thoroughly again. The arguments against the innovation are familiar: it would encourage exhibitionism, 'talking to the constituency' instead of to the House: it would penalise those who may be very good MPs but are not particularly telegenic; and either the whole of Parliament's proceedings would have to be broadcast continuously, or there would have to be an edited version (which, if it were to include, as it must, parts of the major winding-up speeches, would have to go out much too late at night and would in any case involve acute problems of selection and balance). These difficulties are real, but they might not be insuperable if they were thought to be outweighed by Mr Bevan's main argument—the dangerous and growing gulf between Parliament and the nation, and the importance of re-establishing communication 'when all the apparatus of mass-suggestion are against democratic education'.

But television, by artistry in photography and cutting, can explore the genius of places as well as of faces. One of the most moving things I have seen for a long time was a BBC documentary, *The Water of Irwell*, broadcast with a fine insoucience, at 10.30 p.m. last Saturday evening. The cameraman was Gerry Pullen, the editor Donald James, and the writer and director-producer Stanley Williamson; and the point is that they were making a film *for television*, not for the cinema, so that the scale and proportion were right and there were not—as in so many old movies revived—a myriad ant-size humans. They succeeded admirably in conveying the strangely mixed character of the River Irwell—now placidly rural, now momentously industrial, 'the hardest-worked river in the world'—and the staunchness and gaiety of those who people the Lowryesque streets on its banks: mills, sooty Perp. towers, rowing, horse-racing, a statue of Peel, Famous Original Real Bury Puddings, *and* the Rawtenstall Male Voice Choir. (Those lovely lines, 'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green . . .', sound even more poignant when it is a goods-train, not Jordan, that rolls between.)

This, too, 'justifies' television—as I know that *Song of a Road* last night (Thursday) will have justified radio. . . . But, alas! it clashed with another of TV's grand justifying faces, that of Lord Beaverbrook. Repeats of both, please.

TOM DRIBERG

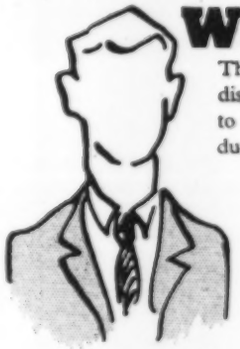
# More Than Windmills

SANCHO could only see windmills where Don Quixote saw giants as well. . . . The first performance of Roberto Gerhard's new symphony last week will have left many listeners with one overriding impression—the almost mesmeric drama of the second movement's massively revolving percussion machinery. Like the action of some improbable windmill designed with love and madness by a Swiss watch-maker, the clicks and thuds of its many parts moving in purposeful contradiction take on a curious, fatalistic character. It is as if Torquemada's clock-shop in *L'Heure espagnole* had suddenly assumed cosmic proportions. The grief of the machine: articulated in its minutest detail, it remains coldly inarticulate. Around this, and upon this, the rest of the orchestra makes its own poem. The imagination is challenged as much as the ear, for it is not easy to integrate the two orchestral experiences. One is aware of movements, though not always of directions. Events merge into one another almost as soon as they happen. A fragment of a memory of sorrow, a spasm of energy stifled by stillness: Don Quixote is the Knight of the hidden images.

Only the 12 notes are there to be grasped and felt as firmly as the composer has grasped and felt them. Above all, one must heed every fibre of the harmony. This music, like the very different music of Debussy's more extreme works, stands or falls by its harmonic invention. Gerhard's rejection of thematic and motivic working implies a rejection of polyphony, and hence of the Austro-German symphonic tradition. We have no right to complain of this outcome. Our habits, nurtured by the greatest musical rewards, may make it difficult to listen to a large-scale orchestral work that has no ancestry in Brahms or Mahler. But we should not demand anything else from a composer of Gerhard's cultural background. Absurdly, a fake sonata-form is often deemed a more respectable tribute to the great symphonists than an honest attempt to find some other way. The fate of the symphony in France should be warning enough.

That Gerhard, as a Spanish-English composer, does not attempt to write a pseudo-German symphony is a mark of his stature rather than of his limitations. His lonely path has always called for courage and vision; and the new Symphony gives extraordinary proof of his technical mastery. There are very few living composers who could handle an orchestral texture of this kind with such virtuosity. One cannot say that this music is well orchestrated, for it is not orchestrated at all in the colouristic sense. Apart from the glissando passage in contrary motion, whose meaning still escapes me, the orchestration is the brilliant servant of the composer's harmonic ear. As a feat of aural imagination, the Symphony is very striking. As a demonstration of orchestration, it shows a classical modesty. Its most obvious innovation is the treatment of percussion in a 12-note context. With the exception of Schoenberg's *Dance round the Golden Calf*, I do not know any 12-note music which uses percussion so brilliantly in its traditional association with the dance. To have retained this kinetic function whilst establishing some measure of rhythmic autonomy for the percussion is a *tour de force*.

But ultimately we must ask ourselves whether this new Symphony makes an expressive and individual form. Those who judge a work solely on the basis of its external features of style will not trouble to discover that the Symphony is as challenging to our habits of listening as any work by the fashionable avant-garde. This neither adds

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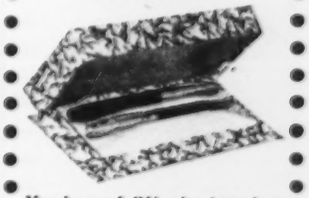

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to nor detracts from its credit. But the fact should be borne in mind, for when a composer abandons the conventional symmetries (including, of course, the idea of reprise), the ear may be confused. Language is not affected. But whether the listener be faced with the vast paraphenalia of a Stockhausen or the squinny semiquaverings of a Hauer, he must expect to be offered something in place of the concrete musical theme.

Gerhard's First Symphony also avoided traditional thematicism. But the various regions of activity were very clearly defined and contrasted. The architecture secured symmetries, correspondences and points of climax without recourse to thematic processses, and at the same time allowed abundant melodic invention on another level. Perhaps the composer felt that there was an inconsistency, an unresolved vestige of tonal symphonic thought, in the First Symphony. At any rate, the characterisation of subsections in the Second Symphony is much less strongly contrasted, and there is barely a trace of traditional melodic writing. But although the new Symphony is undoubtedly more integrated than its predecessor, one feels that the listener must pass through the fires of the First Symphony before he can finally come to terms with the Second.

At this early stage the Second Symphony might seem to lack something of the expressive variety of the First. Despite its rhythmic and harmonic violence, it is much lighter in feeling – Gerhard is a master of the scherzando – and it is entirely without the earlier work's existentialist despairs. But although it seems slighter, it is also more mysterious. The hidden images already begin to make themselves felt. Gerhard is almost unique amongst contemporary 12-note composers in writing genuine allegros, and the flickering harmonic movement may be too fast for us at present. But the ear is captured by what is just beyond its reach, just as the eye is caught by the indefinable reflections of sun on rapid-flowing water. The Symphony must be heard again. In the meanwhile, the BBC may be proud of having commissioned it.

DAVID DREW

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## The Anatomy of a Success

NOTHING, I suppose, will stop *Rollo* (Strand) from having its mild success. In Paris it has already rolled into its fourth year, like one of those epic farces at the Whitehall. It has enough of the necessary ingredients to make it do well here. And for that it is interesting: if you want to know how to titillate all members of the family over 16, while offending none over 60, *Rollo* will show you. As a preliminary, it has one extremely good piece of acting: by Leo McKern as the bumbling, vindictive, lazy sponger 'Patate' Rollo (Why, incidentally, did the adaptor change the name? *Patate* was good enough for Marcel Achard; *Potato Face* should have been good enough for us.) It also has the pretty, vivacious, very competent young actress, Jacqueline Ellis, as his daughter. Frank Hauser has directed the piece quite briskly, though more as a British comedy of humours than of French elegant manners; his grip loosens only in the last act, which drags painfully.

A good middle-class success, however, needs more than competence. It must seem harmless and yet cope with the fantasies. So Léon Rollo is a kind of ineffectual libido figure: the shambling, tieless, feckless, physically inept, easy-come-easy-goer every successful businessman feels he might, but for the grace of God, have been. More important, his emotional life stopped dead at school. There he developed an overwhelming love-hatred for one Noël (Léon spelt backwards), which has possessed him ever since. Noël is smooth, wealthy, unfaithful and highly desirable – to women, of course. At school, they reminisce nostalgicly, young Rollo had tried unsuccessfully to beat him up (a symbolic rape); now he is reduced merely to borrowing money from him. Since school their flirtation has been carried out by proxy. Léon jilted Véronique and Noël married her (she had the money Léon now borrows). Léon married Edith and Noël subsequently made a pass at her. Léon has a daughter whom he tutors in the art of flirtation only to find that Noël has already made her his mistress. Then comes the masterstroke which Dads, Mums and Freudians will all admire: when he hears of the seduction, Léon is not angry; on the contrary, he is delighted, fulfilled, blissfully happy – but only, as he hurriedly explains, because it has put Noël in his power. Don't worry, the incest is very mild, since the daughter is only adopted. Finally, Léon and Noël clasp hands ('You may call me *Patate*', says L) and return to their wives, all passion spent. Homosexuality? Incest? Not at all. Just nice middle-class family life. M. Achard's genius lies in the way he manages to give all the skeletons an airing while never once slipping from the level of a pleasantly amusing farce. No wonder he has been made one of the Immortals of the French Academy.

Still, according to *The Marriage-Go-Round* (Piccadilly) they order these things worse in America. Kay Hammond and John Clements, looking as well-fed and impervious as ever, go through their usual slick routine, though Miss Hammond is occasionally put off her stride by having to be an understanding and upset wife. Otherwise they act out their usual marriage, based, as usual, on wisecracks not feelings. And as usual it is punctuated by extra-marital temptation, this time in the alluring shape of Angela Browne, who managed to make something occasionally wistful out of a part written only, it seemed, to prove that all the rumours you hear about Swedish women are true.

A. ALVAREZ

## Rossini and Bruckner

*La Cenerentola* is nothing, in the last analysis, if not a uniquely bewitching noise of a quintessentially Italian kind, achieved by extreme stylisation of Italian verbal and operatic-vocal peculiarities. To substitute English words and voices for Italian is to produce a more or less blurred copy of the needle-sharp outlines of Rossini and Ferretti; how closely this copy can approach the original depends on the translation and the singing. Both are of excellent quality in the Sadler's Wells *Cinderella*; one was amazed how much of the opera's fantastic bubble and sparkle had been captured – so much in fact as to offer a rare evening's entertainment.

The English book by Arthur Jacobs is neat, witty, and singable almost throughout. It allows the singers to master, with no trouble at all, the machine-gun rapidity of the patter numbers and the perilous floridity of the coloratura. The terrors of the latter were overcome with surprising assurance by the whole cast, though Alexander Young leaned a little too heavily on the support of the intrusive 'h'. Nevertheless, his lyrical singing was beautifully shaped, and he made a suitably blithe and charming Prince. Denis Dowling was polished as the smoothly efficient valet, Dandini, if his tone was sometimes a little less than smooth; Howell Glynne, with his rich sense of the comic and experienced buffo style, made a fine Don Magnifico; Stanley Clarkson's magician-philosopher I found rather too matter-of-fact to believe in. The two ugly sisters, Nancy Creighton and Anna Pollak, chafed and mantled and raged amusingly, without exactly touching the heights of genuine comedy.

In the difficult title-role Patricia Kern not only looked and moved like the poor-little-girl-turned-princess of one's imaginings, but she handled the vocal fireworks with great address, and sang her lament most touchingly. Like others in the cast, her voice is lightweight for the part, but it is extremely pleasing, and one could forgo Italian brilliance without regret.

Carl Toms's costumes and sets achieved a nice blend of fairy-tale fantasy and courtly magnificence, and the production, by Douglas Craig, was deft, diverting and nicely economical with its wit. The ensemble was in the main as crisp as one could wish, though sometimes the two separate precisions of the voices and the orchestra did not blend. This will no doubt improve after the first night, but there is one suggestion I would like to make to Bryan Baldkill: the 'Rossini

crescendo' has to be kept very steady at the beginning if it is eventually to make its full effect.

Bruckner's Fifth Symphony is, of course, a noise of a very different kind – a quintessentially Teutonic noise, no less original than Rossini, and if not as amusing, certainly more nobly inspiring. It is a noise seldom heard in this country, and one can only regard it as an indictment of our concert-planners that one has to go to a special Bruckner Festival given by a non-professional orchestra to hear this outstanding masterpiece. Perhaps it is just as well, though: Bruckner's music, for the English, has been almost entirely a suspect exotic imported by eminent German and Dutch conductors; but now that it is being played at St Pancras Town Hall, as part of the Wind Music Society's winter season, by an orchestra consisting largely of enthusiastic students under Bryan Fairfax, it may soon begin to find roots here.

The orchestral playing, while naturally not in the crack class, was efficient enough to bring out the beauty and grandeur of the music, if not its full splendour; and what it lacked in polish, it made up for by a fire and spontaneity not to be found in many professional Bruckner performances. Bryan Fairfax's firm, sensitive direction kept a strong grip on the vast structure; he wisely would have nothing to do with those abrupt changes of tempo which have been inflicted on us for too long by many of the acknowledged 'Bruckner conductors'. While bringing out the majesty of the score, he kept the music moving organically, and built up a thrilling climax in the finale; if one or two of the quicker tempi ran away, this was a fault on the right side.

In view of Bruckner's unique structural methods, it was wise to get Dr Robert Simpson to introduce each concert, with examples played by the orchestra. His brief address was a model example of how to make clear enough main points for the audience to follow the music easily, without confusing them with a mass of detail. I would advise anyone who wishes to come to terms with a great and incomprehensibly neglected composer to go to the remaining two concerts of the Festival: the Mass in E minor on 15 November, and the Sixth Symphony on 30 November.

DERYCK COOKE

## Fixed Stars

SOMETIMES we may be grateful for a wide screen. One of the things the cinema does is to open up, away from painted scenery and purple prose; and landscape, in that most popular of all forms, the Western, is at least half the battle. Landscape near the Mexican border, at the time of the Villa raid in 1916, draws us in like a charm to *They Came to Cordura* (Marble Arch Odeon). The US cavalry plan to attack a rebel-held stronghold; and in the morning sun, with standards and bugles, they stretch out in a single advancing line across the plain; the walk becomes a canter, the canter a charge. . . . This is the beginning, and one can't hardly think of a better.

Meanwhile a theme has been building up, of courage and cowardice. A major has been lurking round, picking out heroes for medals, and those chosen can't be thrown away on a mere border incident when soon an army will be needed in Europe. So, having picked five heroes, the Major sets off with them for base – oh, and there's a woman too, with the excuse that, though American, she has harboured the enemy. Very soon, you see, after that flashing start, bad old film habits are starting to take over. This is Ordeal as we know it only too well. All the select company are stars, and the more gruelling their journey, the less real it becomes. Gary Cooper, for example, plays the Major; and it transpires that he has landed his present job through cowardice in the field. But can *Cooper* remain coward to the end? Of course not! His agony and regeneration are shadow boxing. He will win through. Nothing can stop him. Perhaps it is one up to the film that Rita Hayworth (what other woman could it be – last year she braved Bournemouth) is actually raped. But long before this happens the whole thing has become a game like the detective-story, with move and counter-move, revelation here and threat there, all in the Technicolor waste and the star-shine that here are making grimness its job.

I don't say that *They Came to Cordura* quite misses – far from it. Under Robert Rossen's direction the scene often grips and the characters do their stuff; but the whole effect is laborious, overdone, artificial – the very opposite of what such a film, with realist intentions, should be. It is quite a good point – if hardly a new one – that heroes in battle may be swine none the less; and my favourites here are the most swinish, Van Heflin as a murderer and raper and Richard Conte as a blackmailer to whom all dirty tricks come natural. But the tougher they come, the more sentimental the film – and the more tedious, also. This is a pity because obviously a good story has gone wrong.

More than can be said of *Libel*, the new Asquith film at the Odeon, which plays heavily with


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doubles – a good aristocrat and a bad actor who share the same prison camp, and the one who comes out of it remembers little of his previous life. Unfortunately we know from the word go which one has come out, so that the protracted court case to decide the matter, and taking up most of the film, comes as a long anti-climax. Dirk Bogarde takes both parts with worried impartiality. His wife (Olivia de Havilland) is endlessly puzzled. Robert Morley glares and booms for the defence, and Wilfrid Hyde White simpers and scratches for the prosecution. Between them they do their best for a show that seems to have been dredged up from the theatre of thirty years ago. By the way, our introduction to the protagonists of this drama is effected by Richard Dimbleby showing us round their stateliest of all stately homes; although it's on TV, no television camera accompanies him in those halls, and to their 'Thank you, Mr Dimbleby' he drives off alone into the night.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**Les Frères Jacques, at the Adelphi**

The Frères Jacques made their reputation at a Montparnasse cabaret: they are splendid fun on records, there is wit in the tunes and the more you grasp the words, the more you laugh. How do they come across in the greater distance of a full-size theatre? Surprisingly well, thanks to a style of miming as formal, as clean-cut as their costume of black tights and fencing-jackets. 'Miming' is perhaps not quite the right word: as they pile into a pyramid which then becomes a bicycle, or chase round the stage as the alarmed spectators at a séance, the effect is rather ballet than mime. The fun in the songs is irrational, fantastic: the singers' movements are always precise, controlled. They can even, thanks to this discipline, sing a sentimental song by Jacques Prévert about a girl in the rain at Brest without causing embarrassment. Where they do cause a bit of uneasiness is in coming more than half way to meet their English audience: there is an archness and underlining about some of the introductory comment that is quite absent from the songs themselves.

J. A. S.

# Correspondence

## ELECTION INQUEST

SIR,—It has to be said and Benn Levy has said it clearly and without rancour. Yet his diagnosis is of consequence rather than of cause. The suggestion that Labour looked fuzzy and sounded hollow is convincing and the examples of sad equivocation are valid, but Mr Levy does not ask *why* Labour funked it every time. He criticises the over-cautious impression given by Hugh Gaitskell, who also makes an impact of competence and decency, but he does not tell us why the Parliamentary Labour Party correctly selected the centralist Gaitskell as representing their own true image. Benn Levy may well wonder why the National Executive Committee almost executed Aneurin Bevan whose image, at that time, was clear and single.

If we fail to ask these fundamental questions, our inquest will avail us nothing. Yet if we dig too deep may we not begin to uncover that many-sided monster of a query from which we all shrink? Let me take a deep breath and expose one or two aspects of the beast.

Can the economic nature of society be changed by the parliamentary machine? When a reforming party becomes the government inside the existing framework, does the party change the framework, does the framework change the party or both? What is the effect of elected representative office upon the individual? In a polarising world, can democratic Socialism establish itself as a third and separate world moral, political and economic idea, or is its role limited to the amelioration of capitalism? In the age of mass communication is it possible for a have-not party to embark upon political education of the entire electorate with hope of success?

Mr Levy is to be congratulated. Let us hope that he has really started the sharp examination of our bases which alone can arrest our decline.

HUGH JENKINS

75 Kenilworth Court
Lower Richmond Road
Putney

SIR,—You may think it of use to consider one voter's reasons for abstention at the recent elections. First as regards the Conservatives—nothing would induce me to vote for the party of Suez, Hola, and the Devlin report.

And what of Labour, my only other choice? Successive disillusionments have weakened my early allegiance and by now I not only refuse to vote Conservative, I am equally hostile to the present Labour Party. My reasons, in brief, are that, in my view, the party is showing increasing loss of principle, increasing subservience to vested interests (the wealthy trade unions and Co-operative Party); increasing intolerance and tyranny (in municipal politics even petty tyranny); and an increasing demand for intellectual and social conformity. Here are a few examples of events that have stirred me to revolt.

*Nationalisation:* but not of insurance since the Co-operative movement has its own lucrative insurance business.

*Suez:* condemnation, yes: but soft-pedalled on evidence of jingoistic sentiment among the rank and file.

*Health Service:* excellent in principle but the recruitment methods of promises to consultants and threats to the GPs despicable.

*Membership of the Party:*—local and national—dependent on slavish conformity to all the party's policy decisions, on an insidious discouragement of the independent mind.

*Nuclear Warfare:* a complete absence of conviction covered up by a smoothly half-hearted compromise. This and Africa, two of the most important problems facing this country in the next five years, scarcely found a place in the election.

Apart from fundamental questions such as the above I feel the party is, in many directions, failing to understand human beings and the changes made in human beings by more than half-a-century of social revolution. We have had 55 years of secondary and adult education—47 years of national health services—improved child welfare services throughout the period, and attacks on slum property were already under way in the years between the wars. The human product of these social efforts is a different being because of them. The party's talk of class is a vain effort to perpetuate a dying social structure—the new divisions between men are rapidly becoming vertical and not horizontal—it is now within the power of the young to determine on which side of that line they dwell.

No medium is more revealing of a failure in simplicity and sincerity than radio; but of all Labour speakers I heard in election programmes only Mr Gaitskell stood up to the test. Until the party shows evidence of sincerity and courageously held beliefs and of some high principle there must be a mass of potential supporters like myself whom it turns away.

S.

Tunbridge Wells

SIR,—It seems to be taken for granted that the swing away from the Tory party in Scotland is due to unemployment and the fact that the Scots 'do not have it so good'. This is nonsense. The Scots do not feel, think or vote in the sheep-like way of the southern English. (For example, no small working class community in the south could or would offer eloquent and effective resistance to the building of a rocket-testing range in their midst.)

In this constituency, agricultural and prosperous, the hopelessly safe Tory majority was slashed by more than a thousand votes. This happened despite a fanatical voting campaign by the Tories (they even had a Presbyterian minister, dog collar and all, driving a voting car, possibly to counteract the effects of a rumour that their candidate was a Roman Catholic and therefore unacceptable to a few people) and negligible Socialist publicity.

The fact is that any amount of diehard Tories here have expressed a change of heart after the crass policies in Cyprus, Suez and, above all, in Nyasaland. Despite the negative brain-washing of the TV state, the stifling of individuality by massed tripe, insidious commercialism and the general malaise of an aimless prosperity, the Scots are still a deep-feeling and deep-thinking people—the inheritors of

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Roberts Bruce and Burns still value independence of mind. The Scots voted against the government and the national trend because they are incapable of sleeping in a haze of prosperity with an uneasy conscience, and will not resort to that eternal refuge of the Anglo-Saxon – a passive refusal to think.

STEPHEN GILL

St Columba Press
Whiting Bay
Arran

## KEYNES AND LIBERALISM

SIR, – As a Liberal may I strongly protest against the statement made by Mr Jo Grimond in the NEW STATESMAN 'that Keynesian economics is the Liberal alternative to Socialism' and that 'the government must retain powers to guide finance and industry'. It is true that the Liberal Party Assembly in 1945 did pass a resolution of support for Lord Beveridge's book *Full Employment in a Free Society* which implied acceptance of Keynes's economic theories, but there has never, before or since, been any official Liberal pronouncement supporting currency management or direction of industry.

In his early years J. M. Keynes was an outspoken advocate of free trade and production but his later theories on the maintenance of full employment by means of currency control not only contradicted his early concept but are a complete negation of Liberal principles. They cannot be entertained by anyone who believes in the freedom of the individual. Another fact Mr Grimond overlooks is that the economics of Keynes have been followed by both the Tory and Labour governments since the end of the war and is largely responsible for currency inflation and an increase in the National Debt. The true alternative to protectionist Socialism and Conservatism are the economics of Adam Smith, Cobden, Bright, Mill, and Henry George.

STEPHEN MARTIN
*Vice-president*
Chislehurst Liberal Association
208 Court Road, SE9

## TV POLITICS

SIR, – Mr Dilworth may be sick or not, just as he pleases, over my support for commercial radio. But I think it is a little presumptuous of him to say that I need reminding that *Free Speech* was a BBC feature until ITV took it over. I know very well it was a BBC feature, and I also know why it is a BBC feature no longer. The fact is that the programme was so outspoken that the political parties began lobbying for the erratic, vigorous team to be substituted by 'safe' speakers. The BBC immediately went into one of those displays of back-pedalling for which it is so noted. The team had been appearing three times a month; gradually their individual appearances were cut down to two a month, and then to one a month. Not surprisingly, when commercial television opened, the whole 'unsafe' bunch moved over to Channel Nine.

On Mr Dilworth's second point, I have no recollection of the BBC attacking advertising, whether on *In the News* or any other programme. Allow me to quote from Mr Christopher Mayhew's Fabian pamphlet on commercial television:

> I once submitted an idea to BBC Television for a 3-minute feature in 'Panorama' on the following lines: a commentator would appear in a studio containing fifty newly washed pillowcases. He would then simply read out the names of the Chairmen of the detergent companies and their advertising agencies who had declined his invitation to come to the studio to pick out which pillowcases had been washed by their detergent. . . . Disappointingly, the BBC turned down the idea.

Well, surprise, surprise.

The rest of Mr Dilworth's argument is irrelevant. I was not claiming that ITV programmes are better, or worse, than BBC programmes. I was merely trying to say that ITV is less likely than the BBC to wet itself with fright when touched with the hot breath of controversy, and that this fact is of more benefit to Labour than to the Tories.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

330 Northbrooks
Harlow, Essex

## WHAT NOW IN CENTRAL AFRICA?

SIR, – If anything will have the effect of damaging the Labour Party's standing among Africans surely it is the article 'What now in Central Africa?' by Mr John Hatch in your last issue. It is well known that the greatest fear of the Africans in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia is that the racial discrimination practised in Southern Rhodesia will spread to their territories. Yet, Mr Hatch claims: 'There have in fact been more signs of liberal advance recently in Southern Rhodesia than in either of the other two territories'.

This myth of 'liberal advance' in Southern Rhodesia, first acclaimed by African editors of European-owned newspapers in Central Africa (*Guardian*, 22.7.59) and seized upon later by Sir Roy Welensky, was completely punctured in an answer to the *Guardian* on 5 August. Not only is there no validity in these claims of a 'liberal advance' but on 26 August the Southern Rhodesian parliament adopted a motion to resist Southern Rhodesia being under the 'political domination of the African electorate of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland', that Southern Rhodesia should have greater rights within the Federation, and that government remain in the hands of 'civilised people' (i.e., Europeans).

Nor is there any validity in Mr Hatch's claim that no British government 'can have much influence' in Southern Rhodesia. The British government still has the constitutional right to object to laws discriminating against Africans, but no British government (either Tory or Labour) has exercised this right. If this is Mr Hatch's oblique way of making excuses for the failure of the post-war Labour governments to do so, it won't deceive anyone, despite the encouragement it gives to the Tories to condone racial discrimination in Southern Rhodesia.

IDRIS COX

41 Claverdale Road, SW2

## CAPITALISM AND DISARMAMENT

SIR, – May I make some brief comments upon your remarks on American capitalism and disarmament in your leading article of 24 October? You raise the question whether the American economy could survive the shock of a drastic cut in defence; arguing from Marxist principles, it might, you feel, be right to assume that American capitalism could not afford to risk real disarmament.

It is regrettable that primarily people of the American Left have made similar allegations for years and have fostered apprehension about a genuine peace policy instead of supporting it. There is no theoretical or empirical reason to assume that American capitalism could not 'survive' real disarmament, particularly if the government should assist in the inevitable transition from defence to peaceful production; and every possible political effort would have to be made to cause the government to do so. Total expenditure for defence presently amounts to less than ten per cent. of total national production in the United States. It is unrealistic to assume that disarmament would be completed in four years and would not take place in relatively moderate instalments – say, ten per cent. annually. Taxes would have to be lowered simultaneously (unless the funds previously spent for defence were used immediately for hospitals, schools and other public works, which would be so much preferable). A prerequisite or, at least, a concomitant of disarmament would be a change in the political climate of the world which would allow the United States to participate in industrialisation and economic development overseas to a much larger extent than heretofore, which would also help offset the impact of disarmament upon the domestic economy. No doubt, serious dislocations and difficult situations would develop in specific industries and specific areas,


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but would they be any more difficult than the economic effects of automation, the decline in the railroad industry or the expected use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes?

I may add that I know of no Marxist principles that should make us expect the dire consequences of disarmament which your leading article seems to anticipate and for which you hope Space or the Moon may be a substitute. Since I do not share your belief that 'armaments have been the luxury without which capitalism cannot survive', I do not feel that we need to wait for 'space to take their place'. Besides, the wait might be far too long.

OTTO NATHAN

New York

## KRUSHCHEV'S VIEW OF THE WORLD

SIR,—Unlike Mr Karol, I was not in the USSR between 1939 and 1946, but was there from 1931 to 1936 and also in 1937, 1952, 1956 and 1958.

While in no way belittling Mr Krushchev's initiative in trying to improve international relations, may I point out that in the 1930s the USSR also showed such initiative again and again? In both periods the aim was the same: to enable the Soviet people to concentrate on raising their living standards and reduce arms expenditure to a minimum. In so far as Soviet leaders were 'obsessed' with the danger of war, there was ample basis for this in the 1930s, as demonstrated at last by the Nazi invasion. The cold war call for 'preventive war' voiced so much in the USA in the post-war period again gave an ample objective pretext for any excesses Stalin or Beria may have committed. The real change that has taken place since 1953 is a change from Stalin's thesis—the classic Marxist one—that war is 'inevitable' so long as imperialism lasts—to the new position, that war *can* be prevented now the Socialist and peace forces are so strong. This change is not due to subjective factors, but to the objective fact that nobody in the USA can look hopefully any longer at the possibility of attacking the USSR.

Mr Karol's lengthy effort to show that the young people in the USSR suffer 'great political confusion' boils down to showing that they have individual and differing opinions on the personality of Krushchev. In Britain we do not call this 'confusion', we call it 'freedom'. Again, to put down all Soviet developments to the by-products of the arms industry is misleading. Soviet production achievements in butter production, the health services, education, the mass production of new housing, TV sets, etc., are hardly, with the possible exception of TV sets, explicable by arms production unless, of course, Mr Karol accepts as 'arms production' anything that could conceivably prove useful in time of war.

PAT SLOAN

Biggin Hill, Kent

## THE SMALL REVOLUTION

SIR,—Disarmed by Reyner Banham's kindness I gladly concede 'insularity' and the Bauhaus, observing only that *hubris* would have closed that institution if events hadn't; and that short, or shortish, letters are a dangerous form of discussion, as the confusing last sentence of Mr Banham's letter shows. Presumably he means that architects limit their interest to individual buildings as against the whole environment. Briefly, we don't.

The response of architectural philosophy to the scientific revolution, the real issue, is much more difficult than that of painting and sculpture. Leadership changes frequently between the arts and the Bauhaus-type 'hegemony' of architecture may be another misconception; or perhaps mother architecture is now having a rest, the old dear. Nevertheless many English architects deliberately lay themselves open to be influenced. Hoping thus that some day the penny will drop cannot be so dashing in architecture, for obvious reasons, as in the other arts—but one is not complacent, one tries to push the penny down.

The 'daunting demonstration of the narrowness'—splendid phrase—of my thinking is possibly a matter of the language one must use. When the new expression is found—and here I fancy that my colleagues and I shall be the toughest critics—it must still be designed and discussed in terms of scale, form and proportion, horizontals and verticals, flat roofs and funny roofs. If, on the other hand, insularity is still our main failing, it is to be hoped that Reyner Banham will have at us more frequently, more fiercely and more clearly, please.

JAMES CUBITT

25 Gloucester Place, W1

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT

SIR,—We were interested to read in your issue of 10 October the comments on Czechoslovakia's decision to join the Universal Copyright Convention. You seem to suggest that the 'main significance of this news is that the United States is thus allied for the first time' with Czechoslovakia. In that case you must have overlooked the fact that this country has had copyright relations with the United States since 1927 when a reciprocal agreement on copyright was signed.

Under this agreement royalties have been paid to American authors and their works are and will continue to be protected not just for 25 years according to the Universal Copyright Convention, but in most cases for 50 years after their death, which is the protection allowed to nationals of this country.

DR. VOJTECH STRNAD
*Managing Director*

Dilia Czechoslovak Theatrical and Literary Agency
Vysehradska 28, Prague

## JACK THE RIPPER

SIR,—In R. P.'s review of this book, NEW STATESMAN, 24 October, he asks a pertinent question: 'Sir Melville Macnaghten, the head of the CID, claimed twenty-five years afterwards that he had documentary proof of the identity of the criminal but "had burnt the papers". Why?'

I find it difficult to believe that my father, the late Sir Melville Macnaghten, made this statement. Mr McCormick quotes several passages from my father's book, *Days of my Years*, and gives references for these quotations but gives no reference for saying that my father had burned 'documentary proof'. He has now informed me that he will look through his notes to try to trace the source of his statement. May I also add that Mr McCormick is inaccurate in saying that:

> Sir Melville Macnaghten, *who was Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard in this period*, wrote: 'At one time or another fourteen murders were attributed to "Jack the Ripper"—some before and some after 1888.' Suffice it to say that the Whitechapel murderer committed five murders and no more.

The italics are mine. My father joined Scotland Yard as an assistant chief constable in 1889, a year after the Ripper murders ceased. It was many years later that he became chief of the CID.

I possess my father's private notes on 'Jack the Ripper' in which he names three individuals 'against whom police held very reasonable suspicion' and states which of these three, in his judgment, was the killer. None of these three names is mentioned by Mr McCormick.

CHRISTABEL ABERCONWAY

12 North Audley Street, W1

## THE MAN WHO BUILT A CATHEDRAL

SIR,—Although Father Fitzgerald built a fine church he seems to have neglected to teach the young Paul Johnson that a Bishop does not appoint a Monsignor and a Monsignor does not have a hat (perhaps Mr Johnson is thinking of stockings).

GRAHAM GREENE

[Paul Johnson writes: Like other converts, Mr Greene likes to teach his fellow-Catholics their business. I wrote 'offer', not 'appoint'—in the sense that Mr Macmillan might 'offer' Mr Greene a 'K'. The phrase 'a monsignor's hat' is, of course, figurative; how else would Mr Greene put it?—ED., *NS.*]


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*BOOKS IN GENERAL*

# History and Faith

WITHOUT Sir Herbert Read where should we have been? If it had not been for *Art Now*, twenty-six years ago, how long should we have had to wait for something that meant as much in this country? Perhaps for ever. During the quarter-century in which modern art has been winning its ambiguous and uncertain victory in this country, and longer, we have had his example continually before us. It has been an example of extraordinary loyalty to an idea, the idea of a kind of art which is specifically modern to which he testifies again in this book*.

It is an idea, if not of progress, of a necessary and irrefutable artistic progression. He disowns the notion of progress (in words from R. G. Collingwood) but the disclaimer is perhaps one of the passages in which he accommodates, with the aid of quotations, other views than his own. By nature he looks on art as a continual enlightenment, by definition progressive. This is the faith which he has held up to us, gently and selflessly but inflexibly. His stand has great value and dignity. By comparison, any smaller interest seems mean and treacherous. Discussing anything that Sir Herbert has written, and particularly this remarkable book, one hesitates before the moral and public significance of the testimony. The essence of it so obviously and certainly right. The important thing about the art of one's own time is that it exists. The only case worth arguing is the case for it. In this cause a critic may be as partial as he pleases. He is entitled to pervert history by hindsight and to philosophise in any vein he likes. It is those who score debating points against him who will look silly. No appeal to taste or logic or scholarship is likely to teach half as much respect for the mood of art, the artistic imperative, as Herbert Read's unwavering *a priori* faith. There has been no stronger influence on the present climate of artistic opinion in this country. If the climate is, as seems likely (one can never be sure), one in which some of the achievements of the age do not go unregarded, we have one man above others to thank.

This climate may also be a good one to paint in; that remains to be proved. To consider Herbert Read's view of art from this standpoint is in a way inappropriate. It is not, whatever he may think, quite his own. He comes to art as a poet-philosopher. The subject of his history is the idea of art, its theory or the theory that can be deduced from it. We are rarely brought close to actual paintings, and when we are they are not clearly seen. The central figures in the story are the great theorists, Kandinsky and Klee – Klee the philosopher of art rather than the exact technical analyst of pictorial means. Artists whose temper is painterly rather than philosophic, among them most of the French, come off less well. Braque, not since 1920 noticeably progressive, does particularly badly but, since the book is written in a mood of fairness to everyone (to all the enlightened, that is) the opposite view is accommodated and he gets credit for being well thought of by Patrick Heron.

The view which excludes so much is a simple one. The kind of painting that is specifically modern derives from a 'will to abstraction' which appears in European art in the 1890s. This impulse in Paris resulted in Fauvism, and in Munich, combined with what Worringer called 'the transcendentalism of the Gothic world of expression', in expressionism. The subsequent styles that qualify as modern flow from one or other of these streams; the latest, which is (or was until lately) luckily known as abstract expressionism, unites them.

The crux of this history – the real test of faith – is one's understanding of what happened in the first decade of the century? What did the break-through really consist of. This is the essential turn in the story, but it is not the best reasoned part of the book, which presses on towards the metaphysics of expressionism. (Painters are less fortunate; as succeeding generations are trained they must go on rehearsing the decisive transition over and over and pondering its character again and again.) For Herbert Read the essential test, which all subsequent non-German painting must pass or be failed utterly, is that once the perceptual image is broken down, it should be combined again only in 'a non-representational (rational or conceptual) structure' – 'the assumption is' that this structure 'appeals more directly, more intensely and more profoundly in this new way than if burdened with an irrelevant representational function'. The equation introduced in this parenthesis is the centre of the whole story. It was suggested perhaps by the word *raisonnable* with which Picasso described the Negro style adopted in the crucial picture, the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, but the equation does not hold; the remark, so far from implying abstraction, introduced a new, non-visual basis for representation. There is a gap, and though a virtue of this criticism is to make one feel almost treacherous at noting it (is one perhaps merely sounding a retreat while Sir Herbert boldly advances from the position?), the fact remains that it is in just this area, across which he has glided oblivious, the area between the conceptual image and the conceived abstraction, that much great and characteristic painting, not all of it included in his survey, is being done.

The issue on which the story is made to turn, though it is certainly one of the essential issues, is perhaps truer as autobiography than as history. It is the issue upon which a certain kind of personal relationship with the modern movement was formed; it enshrines the particular difficulty which modern painting held at a certain time and rings still with the cry of painful triumph with which one element in the achievement was extracted from the rest as the most challenging basis for evangelism and salvation. At a time when the liberty most obviously required by new painting is the ability to pass freely from figuration to abstraction and back again and to stand in that magic ground where the two overlap, another kind of hindsight needs to be exercised. One should beware of taking too pure a view of anything. When Sir Herbert writes of the burden of representation we are aware not only that the *Demoiselles* carry for him a very curious burden (he supposes two of them to be sailors) but that his misreading must influence his whole understanding of the breakthrough. For him the intolerant inconsistency of Picasso's style carries a quite irrelevant meaning (sailors would be bronzed and rugged, naturally) which must go both to explain and condemn this fundamental achievement of the modern movement. For most of us, the inconsistency of the picture is the sign of quite a different kind of truth.

Current history can hardly hope to record all of the alternative possible truths. Sir Herbert's finishing point, which determines the course of the argument, will appear in another light next year, and the reasoning which then necessarily leads to it will be different. The abstract expressionist label for American painting and its dependencies has recently, and surely rightly, been abandoned (a footnote accommodates the fact) and it is not certain that the idea of expressionism, which bulks so large in this book, will in the near future be of such importance to painters anywhere. Much of the heterogeneous painting which passed under the description is now significant not for its philosophy but for its actual material. The factor hardly enters this history; its readers will not be prepared for the mounting wave of paint that now buoys painting up and carries it forward everywhere.

At any moment the most settled truth may be called in doubt. It seemed clear that modern painting had abandoned Cézanne's principle of realisation and this book, with progressive misquotations, proves the point. Yet has it, after all? Cézanne, who knew what words meant, intended to make his sensations real, and the principle stands. Only the source and character of the sensations shift. The writer of current history who is committed by natural sympathy – and how rightly – to exegesis, is in fact in a continual difficulty. The styles of the century can be understood best from the inside, in the terms in which they were conceived. But they have proceeded characteristically by unreasonable, pragmatically justified misunderstanding of their predecessors. Thus, though the most serious thread of this book is a continuing meditation on the sense in which painting may be said to be expressive, the meditation chiefly deals with various, incompatible and hardly ever logically comprehensible senses in which twentieth-century painters have used the word.

At the end, Sir Herbert notes that Hannah Arendt (well reviewed lately and one of the enlightened without a doubt) has, just because she understands the principle of realisation, declared expressionist art to be a contradiction in terms; 'we must give it due consideration'. Although this last accommodation has a quality of exhaustion, we can hardly help cheering, not only because the declaration has itself the force of art, but because its quotation is the final proof of Sir Herbert's awareness that any of the possible, partial truths on which we depend for an understanding of the art of our time, may be elevated – and most easily by this positive,

**A Concise History of Modern Painting.* By HERBERT READ. *Thames & Hudson.* 28s.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

saintly faith—into an orthodoxy which remains to rule for a day too long.

Few critics write history at all, but this book is very good history. Within its field it is a systematic and almost invariably exact record. As a history, it will surely remain more useful to more people than anything else on the subject. Moreover, the book must always retain a special value. It records, through a man of profound good-will, the best of the sympathy which this art attracted in its time. It will be precious material to the eventual, inescapable investigation of how far the twentieth century deserved or understood its painters.

LAWRENCE GOWING

## Dice

The dice that my brother forgot
As he played in the street
I want to gather up
One by one.

Shall I stone the shadow
That does not return?
The silence that keeps secret
My brother's fate
As he hunted the shadow
Through the night that betrayed him?

Do not smash the streetlamp
The only one in the street.
My brother will not return to the dice.
Go to the necromancer.
He dwells in the cavern
And conjures up the dead.
Ask what is to be done with the dice
That my brother forgot
As he played in the street.

DAVID ROKEAH

*English version of the Hebrew original by Michael Bullock*

## Bryant or Alanbrooke?

**Triumph in the West, 1943-6.** By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Collins.* 30*s.*

'Lord Alanbrooke's diary', wrote Sir Arthur Bryant, introducing the first volume two years ago, 'is probably the most important of all contemporary first-hand records of the war.' It is a sweeping claim; but certainly any scholar who assumes the editorship of such a document takes on a heavy responsibility, and one all the graver in that the original is not likely to be generally available for many years. Some editors would be content to limit their own contribution to describing the document; selecting passages for publication and indicating exactly where and why omissions had been made; providing in footnotes a brief biography of the principal characters mentioned in the text; and contributing a short narrative, preferably in an introduction, if one is strictly necessary to make the text intelligible. An editor need be less self-effacing than this only if the document cannot be properly understood unless set in a wider context, and if its significance can be brought out only by extended commentary. It might be thought that Lord Alanbrooke's diary and autobiographical notes need no such interpretation; that all its editor need do is to present it fairly and fully and allow the literate public to form their own judgment. Sir Arthur Bryant has not taken this view. He has indeed found it necessary to comment and interpret to such an extent that he has very wisely decided to publish the finished work as a history under his own name, 'based on' the papers of Lord Alanbrooke. In dealing with such a curious hybrid it is difficult to decide what criterion to adopt. But Sir Arthur comes before us both as editor and historian, and it is presumably in both capacities that he would wish to be judged.

The first qualification for a historian who wishes to set a document in a broader perpective is to possess that broader perspective himself; yet Sir Arthur sometimes gives us reason to wonder whether in fact he does so. One can understand and forgive Lord Alanbrooke's own anger with his allies, the narrowness of his viewpoint and the quick impatience of his judgment as, weary, overburdened and inadequately informed, he grappled with his titanic duties in the midst of a global war. But for so narrow a nationalistic bias to inform a work published two decades later, when the author has full access to all relevant information and writes under no emotional stress, is both regrettable and hard to understand. For Sir Arthur Bryant the United States and Russia appear to have been troublesome ancillaries in a war being won primarily by Lord Alanbrooke and Sir Winston Churchill. It was because of the relationship between the Prime Minister and his advisers, we are told,

> that the war was not only won, but won with a minimum of error and casualties. Britain's finely tempered mechanism . . proved a more effective instrument for victory than Germany's political dictatorship and subservient military machine.

It is a verdict which will surprise the survivors of, for example, Okinawa and Stalingrad. The demands of the Russians are dismissed as 'blackmail' and their military successes are wherever possible attributed to Allied distraction of German forces. The Americans are described as 'unconsciously resenting the superior experience of their British colleagues'. They are condemned if they seemed to deviate from agreed decisions on strategy; but if they objected to the British doing so they are no less condemned for sterile obstinacy. Little attempt is made to understand either their difficulties of planning or the problems they experienced in the manufacture and allocation of the landing craft without which no operations were possible. From the books of Professor Matloff, Professor Morison and Mr Ehrman we can gain a calmer and more authoritative view of inter-allied difficulties. Compared with their work, Sir Arthur Bryant's appears as the special pleading of an advocate for a client quite able to speak for himself; and the historian should be not an advocate but a judge.

The main fault of this work lies even deeper. Sir Arthur Bryant sets out to expound Lord Alanbrooke's strategic concept, to the implementation of which he attributes the Allied victory. This concept, he writes,

> which the CIGS had forecast in his diary on taking office two and a half years before . was not, as many have supposed and since argued, to invade Hitler's Europe through its 'soft underbelly' but, by drawing and keeping his strategic reserves south of the Alpine ranges, to make possible a simultaneous attack from across the Channel and from Russia on a Reich unable, for lack of reserves, to use its swift east-to-west communications to crush both assaults in turn.

But the first volume of the Bryant-Alanbrooke work, *The Turn of the Tide*, contains no such forecast. On 3 December 1941 Lord Alanbrooke wrote only that

> our policy for the conduct of the war should be

to direct both military and political efforts towards the early conquest of North Africa. From there we shall be able to open the Mediterranean and to stage offensive operations against Italy.

There is no mention of German communications; no mention of reserves; no grand strategic concept for the conquest of Germany; and there is no reference to such a project in any contemporary document quoted by Sir Arthur Bryant until a briefing given by Alanbrooke at Casablanca a year later, in January 1943. Even for this Sir Arthur does not think it necessary to provide any direct contemporary quotation. That such a strategy had been developed by British planners by 1943 is certain; but the part which Lord Alanbrooke himself played in formulating it is nowhere analysed; and for evidence that Lord Alanbrooke had been working for it since 1941 we have to rely on Sir Arthur's unsupported word. A professional historian of his experience will understand our reluctance to regard him as a primary authority on such a matter.

Indeed, as the work progresses it becomes increasingly difficult to know when Sir Arthur is talking and when Lord Alanbrooke. Two examples must suffice. Over the conflict between Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery in September 1944, when Montgomery demanded complete priority for his thrust to Berlin and Eisenhower insisted on an advance on a broad front, Sir Arthur Bryant follows Chester Wilmot and the majority of British commentators in condemning Eisenhower. But did Alanbrooke? In one diary we find him apprehensive about Eisenhower's plans, but doubtful whether, in view of the German collapse, they would 'do too much harm'. No disagreement is recorded with the Combined Chiefs of Staff decision to endorse Eisenhower's strategy; and by October we find Alanbrooke aligned with Montgomery's American critics in regretting the decision to strike for Arnhem before Antwerp had been cleared. One looks in vain for the 'proof', confidently promised by the *Sunday Times*, that the war could have been won in 1944. Secondly, Sir Arthur also follows Wilmot in lamenting Eisenhower's failure to see the political necessity of penetrating as deeply as possible into Germany in 1945, and seizing Berlin and Prague; but he quotes no evidence that Lord Alanbrooke at the time shared this view. Alanbrooke refused to support Montgomery's protests, and such diary entries as we are given indicate a total complacency towards Eisenhower's strategy. 'Now that Ike has explained his plans,' he wrote, indeed, 'it is quite clear that there is no great change, except for the fact that he directs his main axis of advance on Leipzig instead of Berlin.' So far from clarifying Lord Alanbrooke's view on the vital issues of the war, Sir Arthur Bryant often leaves us more bewildered than before.

There is certainly much of interest in the book. We are given full and valuable accounts of Lord Alanbrooke's day-to-day work, his travels, his relations with his colleagues at home and abroad, and, of course, the evergreen subject of his relations with Sir Winston Churchill. But this cannot atone for Sir Arthur's unfortunate lapses, both as an editor, in failing to let his subject tell his own tale, and as a historian, in failing to show us the contemporary material on which his judgments are based. It is a pity that Lord Alanbrooke did not follow the example of his illustrious subordinate and write every word of his memoirs in pencil with his own hand. It would have been a far worthier memorial to a man to whom this country owes so much.

MICHAEL HOWARD

## Simply Lolita

**Lolita.** By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

*Lolita* belongs to one of the oldest conventions of fiction, that of the autobiography that has come by chance into the hands of a second person who makes it public to the world. Here the second person is a psychiatrist, who gives the provenance of the work in his foreword to it. The autobiography itself is that of Humbert Humbert, a European scholar of mixed origins recently become an American citizen, on the evidence of his writing the most considerable virtuoso in the English language to have appeared since Joyce, who is waiting to stand trial for murder. In an extended sense, his life story as he presents it is the case for the defence. He is a pervert, at once the victim and the connoisseur of a 'humiliating, sordid, taciturn love life', interested emotionally only in pubescent girls, sub-teenagers as they are known in American advertising, or rather, in the special variety of them he calls nymphets; and he has been more than once a patient in mental hospitals.

It is from one of these that he goes to stay in a small town in New England. Lolita, 12 years old, in the seventh grade, is the daughter of his landlady. Recognising a nymphet, he falls in love with her and marries the mother in order to obtain the child. While Lolita is away at camp, her mother is killed – not by Humbert, though he has dreamed of murdering her and is in fact partly responsible for the chain of events that precipitates her death. Ironically, it is Lolita, the knowing sub-teenager, who seduces him; and then begins the long, pro-

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tracted, neurotic flight with her across the United States, which ends only, after an interval when Lolita is at a girls' private school in New England, with her running away from him with an unknown man, the man whom, some years later, Humbert murders; though it is not for murder that he is first picked up by the police. 'Since I had disregarded all laws of humanity, I might as well disregard the rules of traffic': he is arrested for driving on the wrong side of the road.

*Lolita*, then, is the record precisely of a 'humiliating, sordid, taciturn love life', told as by a narrator who knows himself inside out, whose wits, one might even say whose very moral sense, have been sharpened to razor-keenness by the compulsion to which he is a victim. Inevitably, character and subject being what they are, there are two or three passages, of varying length, which some people might consider obscene. Now that we are allowed under the Jenkins Act to consider the book 'as a whole', these surely fall into their proper perspective. The novel is told with sparkling brilliance. But here one must distinguish between Nabokov's brilliance and that which is postulated to Humbert. On Nabokov's part the creation of Humbert is a feat of impersonation only comparable in our time, it seems to me, with Joyce Cary's turning himself into the crotchety, dotty, semi-senile lawyer, Tom Wilcher, in *To Be a Pilgrim*. But Humbert's brilliance, the insolent ease with which he manipulates the English language, is part of his character. It becomes at times almost a form of exhibitionism, a manic showing-off, which by contrast heightens the intensity of the moments of self-discovery, whether realised as perceptions of beauty or as perceptions of moral truth; as in the almost unbearably poignant passage towards the end of the novel when Humbert, after a period of years, confronts Lolita living in a shack in a small-town slum, a new Lolita, a woman at 17, married and pregnant. It is as though he – and the reader – are seeing the real Lolita for the first time; all his defences are down, and in that moment he realises imaginatively the full extent of the evil he has done her.

But Humbert's mannered, sophisticated, intellectually clowning style (and one calls it Humbert's rather than Nabokov's because comparison with the style of *Speak, Memory* and *Pnin* shows that it is a conscious device on the author's part) has another function: it is the vehicle of Humbert's comic perception of American life. The novel is often very funny indeed, and some aspects of the United States, the hotels, the motels, the small-town drug stores and gas stations of the tourist, are caught and exactly pinned down as never before. At times, Humbert's progress across the continent reads like learned burlesque of Whitman or, for that matter, Wolfe; at times, the satire narrows down into extraordinarily comic character-studies. But always it is essentially the satire of a cosmopolitan European in the presence of a civilisation which even as he falls in love with it, he finds wildly improbable.

WALTER ALLEN


**LAURIE LEE**

***Cider With Rosie***

*Illustrated with many drawings by JOHN WARD*

**Peter Green**

'CIDER WITH ROSIE transports us back to Gloucestershire in the years immediately before and after the First World War, when a hoary unbroken tradition of village life still remained . . . Mr. Lee is a poet and a travel-writer who has never lost the dewy-bright splendour of childhood; who has hoarded his memories and ripened them till in the fullness of time he has woven them into an extraordinary, utterly unforgettable pattern . . . a memorable and entrancing book' *18s net*

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# Cosmologist of the Future

**The Phenomenon of Man.** By PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN. *Collins.* 25*s.*

The world is composed of a series of envelopes. Protons and electrons make up atoms, atoms combine into molecules, these again into crystals or stars or living organisms, out of which in their turn are built solar systems or societies. There are in fact successive levels of integration and organisation, the higher containing the lower within themselves. But time is also of the essence; there was a time when there were atoms but no molecules, later on there were nucleo-protein molecules but no living cells, later fishes but no mammals, later man but no co-operative commonwealth. What are these propositions? Simply the view of the universe held by the overwhelming majority of working scientists in our age. Implicit in it is the conviction that social evolution is continuous with biological evolution, and therefore that what materialist theologians have called the kingdom of God on earth is not a desperate hope but a sure development with all the authority of evolution behind it. Individual men help or hinder. Sometimes cosmological philosophers take this world-view seriously, in which case they are called emergent evolutionists, organic naturalists, or Marxists, and treated with disdain by their professional colleagues, whose lives are devoted to the sublime object of proving the statements of science meaningless, though it works.

This scientific faith, so far removed from blind belief, has never been more persuasively set forth than in the present book of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. It is the work of a first-rate evolutionary biologist who knew his facts. But the interest lies rather in the author himself, for he was no Huxleyan 'rationalist' stalwart. Teilhard de Chardin was a Jesuit priest, and at the same time a brilliant physical anthropologist who spent much of his life, with colleagues such as P'ei Wên-Chung, in the service of the Chinese Palæontological Survey – an entirely worthy successor of the great members of the Jesuit mission of the seventeenth century – and by Rome treated no better. For not very surprisingly Teilhard de Chardin's originality and free-ranging thought came into conflict with the dominant official interpretations of such doctrines as that of original sin, and he was silenced by his ecclesiastical superiors. Thus he died in exile from his native country, and could not see the publication of any of his books, such as that cosmic panorama of past and future which we now salute.

In October 1952 he wrote to me:

> Something is wrong with anthropology, and something has to be done with, and for, anthropology. I wonder if my diagnosis is good, at least as a first approximation, and how one could tackle scientifically the study of what I call, lacking any better terms, the 'convergence of humanity upon itself'. . . .

We had met in Paris just after the war, when he was back after long years of solitude under the Japanese occupation, and I was helping to develop Unesco after four years in wartime China. I recognised in him immediately a man of the greatest intellectual honesty and sincerity combined with a prophetic Blake-like vision, and often at a loss to find words with which to express his insights. Alas, taken up later on with other endeavours, I could not find the time needed for following Teilhard de Chardin's unfamiliar thoughts, and gave only a vaguely encouraging reply.

But actually his wrestling with the idea of 'convergent integration' (as Julian Huxley terms it in his admirable preface) was perhaps the most original part of all his work, because central to his effort to extrapolate the past forward and to discern something of the far future from what we know of the far past and the present. Seeing that the most highly organised entities we know, living beings with minds, have been formed by a kind of intense concentration in space, an 'inrolling upon themselves'; realising that man is the only successful biological species which has remained as a single inter-breeding group, not radiating out in 'cladogenesis' into thousands of mutually infertile species; and impressed by the fact that the situation of 'noospheres' can only be very thin tissues of organic inter-relations mantling earths such as our own – his thought was irresistibly attracted to the future development of humanity. Here his speculations about the emergence of a 'world mind' or Great Being, the tending of human convergence to a final state which he called 'point omega', the possible equation of future hyper-personal psycho-social organisation with an emergent divinity in the growth of love as well as cosmic knowledge, a kind of 'Christogenesis'; all these difficult ideas are the strangest, because the most original, of his work, and could not be orthodox, for they deal with matters inconceivable when orthodoxy was historically formed. They are abundantly worth pondering.

By choice or necessity, Teilhard de Chardin was a rather lonely thinker; hardly anyone but Bergson seems to have been important for him. Internal evidence yields a few other traces, but he seems not to have followed Lawrence J. Henderson's dissolution of vitalism in universal teleology, nor to have known of such workers as A. I. Oparin on the probable events in the origin of life on the earth, nor is there any sign of the inspiration which he could have gained from A. N. Whitehead's organic philosophy. The word 'emergence' does not appear until page 220, and men such as Lloyd Morgan and Samuel Alexander are out of the picture. Curious too is the fact that Chinese culture, the most historically-minded of all, seems to have made very little impression on our philosopher, and this might perhaps be the reason why it is only in the realm of history that his book is seriously out of focus. To say of a civilisation to which we owe the technology of cast iron and the first development of the mechanical clock that it remained through-

out the centuries persistently 'neolithic', and to insist that 'during historic time the principal axis of anthropogenesis passed through the West', is simply to perpetuate a vulgar error still capable of doing great harm. Of course history, for Teilhard de Chardin, was only a very thin slice of time intervening between the vast aeons of prehistory and the equally vast though dimly seen vistas of post-history yet to come, and his faltering touch concerning it therefore matters the less. But since without history social evolution cannot be properly conceived, this failing is to be regretted. Nor could he always rise above a too Christian bias, as for example where he denies (page 296) to other ancient religions the possibility of adaptation to scientific knowledge.

Broadly speaking, *The Phenomenon of Man* is the most recent, and by no means the least interesting, of the long line of master-works of the organic evolutionary naturalists. But it is written by one who understood supernaturalism from the inside. Expressed in a style hardly less poetical than philosophical, it eloquently restates the scientific view of the world. But it adds something new, its courageous speculations about the future emergence of higher social and noetic organisms, the world mind-heart, the apotheosis of humanity, speculations sometimes almost reminiscent of Olaf Stapledon, a writer whom Teilhard de Chardin would surely have found sympathetic. What will always endear it to us is the personal epic of the writer, the China Jesuit silenced in his lifetime but never abandoning the mental fight, profoundly 'costing' as von Hügel would have said, and finding a reconciliation of science and religion only in the context of the whole universe of space and time.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

## Circus Talk

**Bread and Circuses.** By GEORGE SCHWARTZ. *The Sunday Times.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title is well chosen. Mr Schwartz gets bread (and butter and marmalade – Oxford vintage) and provides circuses for the rich. Once during the war when he had savagely attacked Archbishop Temple for some well-meant suggestion of improvement and I had taken up the cudgels for that great Churchman, Mr Schwartz asked me in our club whether I intended to apply for a Canonry at Canterbury (the Deanery was then, as now, already filled). I disclaimed such ambitions but said that I would prefer to be a Canon of Canterbury to being a Clown of Capitalism. I still am lay. But Mr Schwartz has well and truly qualified. He certainly is in the Grock class, and if one tires of him more quickly that is the fault of the subject and not of his act.

The balm he provides is manifold. Government intervention is futile if not positively harmful. Taxes are bad. Deflation good. The entrepreneurial father figure always knows best. Inequality is necessary for our good. Nehru emerges from these pages giving vent to 'cauliflower-eared capitalist talk' and belabours his admiring Indian crowds with a small baton. There it is. In black and white.

Social medicine ruins health. America is rich not because she has a vast continent full of natural resources and has been the workshop of the world during two-and-a-half wars, but because she is capitalist. Attlee is advised to go to an economics tutor because he said that he did not see the case for cutting education to improve the balance of payments. Why? 'There is a connection between everything that happens in


# A Word from the Wise

*Westport,*
*Connecticut.*

*Dear Charles,*

My warmest thanks for renewing my subscription to the *New Statesman.* It helps no end to reduce the pain of commuting, and I can read it before Joan latches on to it. You say you have become a commuter yourself (where is Little Bogfosters anyway?), so I've decided to reply in kind. I am going to send you ***The Reporter*** which is the most intelligent and enjoyable liberal magazine on our side of the water.

If you haven't already heard of it, it's a fortnightly, and although it's only been going on ten years, it has built up a sizeable and very impressive circulation over here among thoughtful people. It publishes some really first-class reporting on American problems, and I know that in Washington it is *required* reading for it has really taken the lid off some rather murky goings-on down there—not sensational stuff, mind you but accurate. thoroughly-researched, balanced reporting.

It has a very high level of international coverage, and some of your own best writers contribute both from the old country, from Asia and the Middle East. Thinking back, I know that it has given me information I couldn't find anywhere else—a series on the China Lobby operations, the first thorough report on the dangers of fallout, a brilliant series of stories that prepared me, at least, for the Suez crisis.

But the main reason I know you'll like it is that you and Sue are interested in America. It seems to me that ***The Reporter*** conveys the flavor and color of American life, its fun as well as its problems, as no one else has since Mencken. And everyone, from Dean Acheson to John Cheever, writes for it. It has one of the best satirical poets, called SEC, since your own Sagittarius gave up. And there are always first-rate book, movie and theatre reviews.

Short of that trip to England Joan and I are always planning (why did we have to miss your best summer!), ***The Reporter*** is the best way of keeping in touch that I can think of.

Yours,
*Bob*

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the economic system.' Even between education and technical progress and the capacity to export, Mr Grock, I beg your pardon, Schwartz.

In massive doses this is the best antidote to ever again reading Mr Schwartz.

T. BALOGH

## The Treatment

**A Study in Infamy.** By GEORGE MIKES. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

**Political Prisoner.** By PAUL IGNOTUS. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

**The Brain-Washing Machine.** By LAJ UFF. *Hale.* 16*s.*

**Night of the Mist.** By EUGENE HEIMLER. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

**Beria's Gardens.** By UNTO PARVILAHTI. Translated by ALAN BLAIR. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Every revolution evaporates, wrote Kafka, and leaves behind only the slime of a new bureaucracy. It is the theme of these five unequal books, of which perhaps the most unusual is Mr Mikes's careful analysis of some political police orders smuggled out of Hungary after the 1956 rising. Mr Mikes is emerging from his highly successful period as a funny man from Hungary, so that some of his admirers are said now to wish (I don't know why) that *How to be an Alien* and *Down With Everybody* had been written by someone else. Well, in a sense they were. The author of *A Study in Infamy* is a deeply thoughtful man whose country lies exhausted by half a century of wild hopes, bitter despair, and futile bloodshed. Yet, as he sees Western public opinion fluctuate in its judgment of the Russians, at present greeting Krushchev and his colleagues as 'decent, jolly fellows, quite human and pleasant', he does not give way to fury. He urges that we must know their system 'as it exists at home and as it is exported to their satellites – odious tyranny as it is, we must strike a bargain with them'.

As a background to his disclosures Mr Mikes presents three memorably evil portraits: General Gábor Péter, chief of the political police for eight years, Mátyás Rákosi, secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, and Lászlo Rajk, Minister of the Interior under Rákosi. The demented cruelty of these men (who come into all these books except the last) is an indispensable key to the meaning of these suave police orders, which prescribe the technique for searching a man's house in his contrived absence, and the qualifications of an efficient 'informer', in the advisory tone and the passive voice used by any Whitehall circular on sheep-dipping or the care of children. In the free world the police arrest you because you are a criminal, says Mr Mikes: in Hungary you are a criminal because the police have arrested you. And nothing has changed.

Mr Paul Ignotus sees it, however, not as a Communist dictatorship but as 'liberal capitalism in the eighteenth century Wild West style', personal freedom with no other limit than fear of the gun. A refugee in London during the war and then Press Attaché at the Hungarian Legation, he knew when he revisited Hungary in 1949 that he was walking into danger: most of his friends had been murdered or starved to death, and he went back (one can but marvel that he should) to seven years of the most appalling ill-treatment in prison. He found it 'comparatively easy under torture to confess lies and conceal the truth'; and he offers a rationale of the tortured that is far more convincing than the heroic dignity which has been so inspiring in other books. ('To be proud and dignified while cigarette ends are stamped out on one's skin is more difficult than cinema-goers would think, but it can be tried: to be proud and dignified after being forbidden to go to the lavatory for twenty-four hours cannot even be tried.') *Political Prisoner* could have been the really significant title for any of these five books, for in all of them the ordinary thief or murderer gets the better deal in prison—he joins in the persecution of the 'politicals'. Mr Ignotus's offence seems to have been his refusal to confirm, in writing and under torture, the self-evident spying conspiracy between the BBC, the PEN Club in London, and the editor and chief contributors of the NEW STATESMAN.

The special quality of *The Brain-Washing Machine*, a catalogue of scarcely believable cruelties, is that the *sound* of torture goes on all the time. Mr Lajos Ruff, now quietly reading philosophy at Vienna University, has survived the worst that Hungarian prisons can do to a human being for opposing the Communist regime, including a fantastic apparatus for tormenting a man into schizophrenia. His jailers made him a prison orderly because they thought they had driven him insane, in which capacity he used to clean Cardinal Mindszenty's cell; and he gives a vivid portrait of that remarkable man in a captivity that few priests can ever have had to endure.

*Night of the Mist* begins in Hungary – in a small town ghetto in 1944. The secret police were beating and torturing people in the Jewish Community Centre to make them disclose their hidden possessions, and the long-bearded Chassidic Jews, whom he presents (*pace* Mr Ignotus) as withstanding all the cruelties in stoicism and prayer, made Mr Heimler understand 'how we have managed to withstand the persecution of the centuries'. His book is an inmate's story of Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Its poignancy is reduced (and it is not the author's intention) by a good many lapses into hyperbole and eroticism, the latter too often of adventitious relevance to this terrible first-hand account of the extermination camps. He gives a moving account of the evacuation of the camps as the US Army approached, the SS men tearing the skull-and-crossbones badges from their collars, and the pitiless forced marches, at the end of which he escaped into his native forests and was free.

Mr Parvilahti is a Finn who fought on the German side in the Caucasus – he joined a Finnish volunteer corps to fight the hated Russians. The Russo-Finnish armistice of 1944 left him, with many others, at the mercy of fellow-travelling politicians in Finland, who had him kidnapped by the secret police and handed over to the Russians. He got a five-year sentence for a crime never specified, which lengthened into eight years as he toiled among the forgotten millions in Siberia. His account of the slave labour camps, wrily known as Beria's gardens, must be unique in prison literature; and yet probably the greatest value of his book, which is admirably and fluidly translated, is the account he gives of Soviet 'democracy' and of the lives of ordinary Russians. These five books offer little help for those now trying earnestly to believe that the most horrible consequences of World War II are over. A modern war has no end.

C. H. ROLPH

**I KNOW WHAT I LIKE**

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CHATTO & WINDUS

## A Gloucestershire Lad

**Cider with Rosie.** By LAURIE LEE. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*

A few years before the first World War a grocer's assistant in Stroud inserted the following advertisement in a local paper: 'Widower (4 children) Seeks Housekeeper'. It was seen by Annie Light, a romantic countrywoman of thirty, who had spent her youth either toiling for her father and five brothers or slaving below-stairs in the manors of the gentry. She took the post, fell in love with her employer, married him, and gave him four more children – one girl (who died) and three boys. Laurie Lee was the youngest child but one.

The father of these two families, a handsome and prudent go-getter ('a natural fixer,' says his son), had always dreamed of a tidy life in the Civil Service, and when the war started he saw his chance and set off for Greenwich ('in a bullet-proof vest') to join the Army Pay Corps. Eventually demobilised with a pension ('for nervous rash, I believe'), he realised his youthful ambition, settled permanently in London, and remitted home a thin supply of money. His wife, meanwhile, had moved with his seven children to a damp old house in a secluded village some miles from Stroud, where she devoted herself, in her muddled and heroic way, to bringing them up; she never stopped loving her husband and never believed, until he died some thirty years later ('cranking a car in a Morden suburb') that he would not one day come back to her. *Cider with Rosie* is Mr Lee's celebration of his childhood in this Cotswold village. The book is written in prose – a luscious, evocative, poetic prose, with overtones from Wales. There is comedy as well as pathos. Some quiet drawings by John Ward illustrate the story.

In the Twenties an ancient rural culture was disintegrating: cars, buses, and charabancs were

beginning to join the villages to the towns. But Mr Lee was born just early enough to have known the arduous, unsophisticated, self-sufficient, and sometimes dotty life of a community still dominated by the squire, the parson, and the horse. He conjures up this past, his own and the village's, in a number of beautifully composed pieces, some of which have already appeared in magazines. 'Grannies in the Wainscot,' for instance, a chapter about two witchlike nonagenarian neighbours, is a perfect short story.

Mr Lee can look back on many pastoral pleasures. Some were innocent, some illicit; some were both, like the fiasco of the collective rape of Lizzie Berkeley, a simple girl who liked to chalk texts and 'Jesus Loves Me Now' on the beech trees in Brith Wood. When he recalls his worst exploits, Mr Lee gives thanks that he did not have to contend with the law and morality of today; otherwise, he believes, he and his friends might have been 'shoved into reform school'. This is an amiable delusion, and one shared by many other ex-juveniles whose crimes were not found out – or if found out, never by the wrong people. It is supposed that in these present antiseptic times scarcely any delinquent act by the young can escape punishment. Such a belief underestimates the resourcefulness of children as absurdly as it flatters the eyesight of Authority. Town boys and country boys still manage to lose their innocence without seeing the inside of Juvenile Courts; and young girls, as forward as the cider-drinking Rosie of the title, are still at liberty to be their educators and victims – even in Morden.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

*Great Stories*, by Conan Doyle (Murray, 12s. 6d.), is published for the author's centenary.

# Miss Edgeworth and the Purple Jar

**The Great Maria.** By ELISABETH INGLIS-JONES. *Faber.* 25s.

Something about the image of Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) still remains unresolved. But why? To be sure, no actual picture exists, apart from one in a family group, a profile hidden under a vast improbable hat. Yet the facts, when we look at them, are distinctive enough. She was the second of twenty-one children, the youngest forty-five years her junior. She outlived all but two or three. She was undersized (four foot seven), plainish and shy; yet for more than half of her life she was a notable literary lion on both sides of the Channel. (One of her sisters gave birth to Thomas Lovell Beddoes: dull and unresponsive, his aunt found him, an undutiful son to 'poor Anna'.) Scott and Turgenev both acknowledged their debt to *Castle Rackrent* and her other realist-regional tales. For all their didactic ballast, her children's stories can be read with pleasure to this day; some are currently in print. She was the first of the local-Irish novelists, though she did not settle in Ireland until she was fifteen, with several English boarding schools behind her. It was June, in 1782, and the roses of Edgeworthstown were sprinkled with snow. But an Edgeworth, by training, would see this through the eyes of science, not poetry. It is surprising to find that her life covers almost the same span as Wordsworth's, year to year. Younger than Burney or Blake or Crabbe, older than Austen or Scott or Byron, Shelley and Keats she seems to have no contemporaries. As usually happens, this gives her distinction, and makes her forgotten as well.

The real problem of Miss Edgeworth is not, however, her plainness, nor her peculiar place in time. It is her father. Whenever she appears he is, as he was in life, in the foreground; and he takes it, for the moment, here. With his enormous vitality, inventive mind, and not too sensitive disposition Edgeworth seems the model of the happy man. Through a series of amenable wives, he was able to indulge for over fifty years his exceptional uxorious and progenitive zest. Through his gifted daughter Maria he could experience even higher creative joys. While it is hard to think with ordinary human liking and regard of a man – be he Irishman or Turk – who fathers such a farmyard of children, it must be allowed that Edgeworth had many redeeming features. He was an admirable landlord to his Irish tenants. He invented, among other things, a form of telegraph by which a message was carried 125 miles in eight minutes. In a time of few set occupations, nobody in his orbit could ever be idle or dull. Balloons were constructed, peat bogs surveyed, soap, ink, and essence of roses composed by some method of his own. His theories of education, carried out in his own large household, would seem liberal even today. He treated each child as a rational being, answered all (all?) of its questions. 'No tears! No tasks! No masters!' was the rule.

Maria had her master all the same. Her father kept her firmly to the page, corrected, criticised, and added whenever he wished. His daughter gratefully acknowledged his inspiration, from first to last. Yet, was he altogether her Svengali? The spirited and original *Castle Rackrent*, which has no didactic intention, was written, as it were, behind his back. In the enchanting *Rosamond*


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***MACDONALD***

stories the moral is the father's, clearly enough; but the wayward spark of the heroine, never quite damped down, is just as surely the author's own. Edgeworth could fan her energies, throw out ideas, make her work through to the end, but he could not invent her ear for dialogue, her observant eye for the astonishing local life and her ability to write about children – infants or schoolboys – in a way that even children can tolerate. And when he died, she was (at fifty) amazed to discover her own initiative – not only in writing, moreover. As the estate fell into decay – not one of his sons had inherited his talents and his energy – it was the elderly Maria who saved the place, rescued the peasants, and cleared off the burden of debt.

Not that she ever, in her father's lifetime, showed any wish to be rid of the spell. For his sake – or for fear of being out of his orbit – did she not refuse in 1802 the hand of a Swedish Chevalier, private secretary to King Gustavus III, a man of 'superior understanding and mild manners'? The only visible symptom of restlessness appears when Edgeworth was considering the fourth of his wives, a girl of 28, some two years younger than Maria herself. But Maria was won over as usual; and she and the last Mrs Edgeworth became devoted friends, Maria eerily calling her Mother and deferring to her as a daughter for the rest of their long and companionable lives.

Miss Inglis-Jones has tidied most of the wandering facts into an agreeable and civilised account, intended perhaps for politer popular reading, since it is clear of references and notes. Yet is it a popular subject? It ought to inspire a newcomer to turn to Miss Edgeworth's works, where her real vitality lay; but these, as Miss Inglis-Jones frankly admits, are not in the scheme of the book. In the index, even, the few that receive a mention appear in the entry for Maria's father ('criticises *Leonora*, 84-5')! As a period piece, of course, the picture is busy enough. Maria's friend and neighbour, pretty Kitty Pakenham, marries her early love Arthur Wellesley, back from the wars ('handsome, very brown, quite bald and a hooked nose'). Long after, as the unhappy Duchess of Wellington in Apsley House, she murmurs a dying word to Maria. There are meetings in Paris with Madame Récamier, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Staël; in London with Byron, Malthus, Humphry Davy, the brothers Smith and a host of lords and ladies; Mrs Siddons invites her home to a reading; Tom Moore is flattered to sing in her presence; Sam Rogers directs at her one of his 'death-like smiles'. She goes to Almacks – and to one of Mrs Fry's prayer meetings in Newgate Prison; she spends an emotional fortnight at Abbotsford – and sets down in letters her comments on it all.

But the Great Maria is never quite real. Behind her is the writer in the house, the impulsive but biddable Rosamond whom Miss Edgeworth always regarded as an image of herself. In the most famous of the Rosamond tales, it may be recalled, her mother allows the child to buy the purple jar in the chemist's window instead of a new pair of shoes. Soon enough she discovers the problems of her choice. Miss Edgeworth's choice was always the same – her father. What she could never be sure – and we cannot either – was whether in following her path she had chosen the purple jar, or the shoes.

NAOMI LEWIS


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# New Novels–I

**Titus Alone.** By MERVYN PEAKE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

**The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.** By MORDECAI RICHLER. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

**The Ruling Passion.** By WILLIAM CAMP. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 16*s.*

**The Right People.** By PETER FORSTER. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

**The Square Within.** By BRUCE OLIVER. *Spearman.* 16*s.*

**Its Ugly Head.** By SIMON CREED. *Putnam.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Having to gatecrash a trilogy at the start of the third volume is one of the worst things that can happen to a reviewer. I suppose there must be a Titus Set somewhere. Its members do the Ximenes crossword and re-read the Screwtape Letters, and they also know what has gone before in *Titus Groan* and *Gormenghast*, which I do not. *Titus Alone*, and I am here quoting from the book-jacket, completes a strange and remarkable trilogy. I can't agree with the publishers that it is self-contained; to read the third volume first is to catch a blurred but tantalising vision of something big and exciting. From what I gather, Titus has grown up and abdicated from the castle of Gormenghast and has run out into the real world. I don't know what things were like in that castle, but this 'real world' is a hell of a place, full of long shadows and festering dreams. But it is real, it is recognisable – the world caught in a maze of distorting mirrors. This is a riveting novel. It is full of wonderful writing (name four writers who would be bothered, nowadays, to describe the moonlight reflecting on a beetle's back), but it is not the beauty of the writing that holds one. It is a drug, that's what it is. It left me with a feeling of excited desolation, if there is such a feeling, and all I can say is that I am about to take this trilogy from the beginning, slowly.

I am not familiar with Mr Richler's work either but I imagine that his latest novel must represent some kind of consolidation-point. It has that just-settled-in, now-let's-get-down-to-it air about it. *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* is a Canadian-Jewish version of *The Card*, or perhaps what happened to Gatsby before East Egg. Duddy is a backstreet boy who has been told that to amount to anything a man must have land. This long, chunky book is the story of his fight to get this land, at any price, starting out with the pornographic comic-book business which he runs at the age of eleven. Duddy's heroes are the kind of tycoons who get their life-stories written in the magazines, people like the man who suggested bottling Coca-Cola, and one flaw in this novel is that it reads at times like just such a magazine series – too anecdotal by far. But it is extremely funny, with plenty of that built-in riotousness which Jewish authors seem to draw from a common pool. We get as a bonus Mr Richler's superb sense of parody. I wish I could quote in full the facsimile newspaper supposedly produced by a man who wants to be the Sister Kenny of the epileptics.

Whenever I find a phoney bed scene in a novel I always think of Mr William Camp and his own sad, clinical, deadly accurate descriptions of the sex act, so accurate as to make one feel uneasy about the whole thing. They are present in, in fact are the whole point of, Mr Camp's new novel. *The Ruling Passion* is concerned with a triangle consisting of two men and a woman. They happen to be a politician, his wife, and his private secretary, but such is Mr Camp's almost obsessive talent for telling the truth about sex that plot and background are almost irrelevant. He could have set the whole thing on a desert island and lost nothing of the quality of warmth and desperation that distinguishes this novel.

In *The Right People*, Mr Forster is dealing with one of the current class wars – the In and Out game as applied to people. Mark Lemming, a painter, is Out. He leaves his reliable girl friend, a little nurse who is also Out, to have an affair with a banker's daughter who is In. He then becomes involved with the In set, the people who shake hands with the left hand, hold barbecues, and tell bitchy anecdotes about the famous. Eventually he becomes disillusioned and becomes Out again. Mr Forster is not strong enough on the subsidiary characters to make this a really successful panoramic novel, but he has got the love-and-snobbery theme bang up to date. I think we could have done without the publicity party scene, which so many writers keep filed under 'Hilarious' in their notebooks, but which never seems to work out when they come to write it down.

There is very little I can say about *The Square Within* except that Mr Oliver seems to be preparing to be a beautiful writer. His rambling novel is a kind of subtopian Under Milk Ulysses, an account of life under the stones in an English town, full of oh gods and lavatories and people telling themselves what they would like to do to the opposite sex. There are some medium-to-purple patches of really good, though undisciplined writing; the trouble is that these patches are usually completely divorced from the narrative. Mr Oliver belongs at the moment to the wont-cant-dont school, where the missing apostrophe is supposed to heighten style. When he has finished flexing his literary muscles he will probably produce something really worth while.

*Its Ugly Head* seems at first glance to be composed of the effluent of the modern novel, all drink, sick and abortion. A Paul Slickey-type

columnist, estranged from his striptease-queen wife, goes to the aid of a pregnant deb, and gets himself practically emasculated in a very Ian Fleming scene with the girl's brother and his friends. It's very seedy; it's meant to be, but I don't think it's meant to seem, as it does in parts, like a private-eye novel without the body. At second glance, however, it's got more in it than this; a moral, for one thing, and some nice perceptive touches here and there. Mr Creed is another author who is probably going to give us something better.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

## New Novels—II

**The Curtain Falls.** By MAURICE DRUON. Translated by HUMPHREY HARE. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

**Café Céleste.** By FRANÇOISE MALLET-JORIS. Translated by HERMA BRIFFAULT. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*

**Fool's Paradise.** By BERTRAND POIROT-DELPECH. Translated by CORNELIA SCHAEFFER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Crab-Apple Tree.** By RICHARD CHURCH. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

**The Charm of Mambas.** By GEORGE BRENDON. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

**The Bank of Time.** By GEORGE FRIEL. *New Authors.* 15*s.*

I know a man who, wanting to be a writer, applied to a school of fiction which claimed it had discovered the secret of every plot in the world and had communicated its discovery to the British Museum. The document turned out to be the size of a postcard. I did not find it helpful. What I feel the aspiring writer needs is a dictionary of situations. And, for a start, I suggest that a body like the French Academy should address itself to compiling a dictionary of the clichés of current French fiction.

Such a dictionary would have helped M. Druon and his readers. We need only have been referred to certain entries, and *The Curtain Falls*, 668 pages long, could have been comfortably reduced to a postcard from Messrs Hart-Davis. For M. Druon not only deals in clichés, he also states that life repeats itself; and in this exceedingly long trilogy, published in France between 1948 and 1951, he has many opportunities to prove his point. He is concerned with the decline of a banking family and an aristocratic landed family, and we are told that the theme of the novel is the disintegration of French society between the wars. Such a theme, however, proves to be beyond M. Druon, who serves up the usual chronicle, applicable to any society, of births, marriages and deaths. Innumerable deaths: M. Druon has an Arnold Bennett fondness for the deathbed. There is one murder, one suicide, one case of insanity. And, between marriages, much sex. On page 446 there is a paragraph that skilfully summarises much of the previous action:

> Sylvaine with Simon, Anny with Sylvaine, Sylvaine with Maublanc, Marthe with Wilner, Stenn with Marthe, Marthe with Simon . . . Simon with Madame Eterlin, Madame Eterlin with Jean de la Monnerie, Jacqueline de la Monnerie with De Voos, De Voos with Sylvaine, Sylvaine with Wilner, Simon with Sylvaine.

And there are 200 pages to come.

M. Druon believes that life repeats itself. Mlle Mallet-Joris's favourite word is 'eternal'. Accordingly, her characters remain throughout in the attitude in which we first find them. The Café Céleste is a cheap house of flats in Montparnasse, and its inhabitants all have problems. There is


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the concierge and her daughter (situation Gigi); the two unmarried sisters; the poor Greek café-owner who pretends to be rich; the doctor, sad, wise and old. The central character is a middle-aged café musician of little talent who complains that he is misunderstood by a materialistic world and has platonic relationships with ugly women; he feeds on their sympathy while remaining financially and emotionally dependent on the wife he abuses and patronises. He is destroyed when his wife has an affair with an old and famous painter (*vide* any of five similar situations in *The Curtain Falls*). Unfortunately, I could not feel any of the characters; and their predicament remained unreal, an interesting idea for a novel. I longed to see the characters from different angles, but Mlle Mallet-Joris is so convinced that everything is eternal that, having once stated her problem, she neither explores nor develops. As a result her novel is intolerably repetitive and abounds in padding. Despite its 380 pages *Café Céleste* is not half as effective as the Truman Capote short story, *Shut a Final Door*, which in some ways it resembles.

A hundred thousand copies of *Fool's Paradise* have been sold in France. The story? A shy and poor young man of respectable family decides to lead a more lively life. He acquires a mistress from a night-club, and lies and cheats to take her to the Riviera; she deceives him; then – retribution – our young man discovers that the respectable girl he spurned is not only more intelligent, but much more ravishing. M. Poirot-Delpech is fiercely critical of his young people; but his passion, though virtuous, seems to me misplaced. Loud moral indignation appears absurd, and a little hollow, when applied to an artificial society or set which proclaims its amorality; it is a little like Wycherley taking the Restoration comedy seriously.

And so, after 1,200 pages of popular French fiction, we crawl out from the bedclothes and find that all these French novels have won French prizes: Prix Goncourt, Prix Fémina, Prix Interallié. Prisunic.

Less noisy, less 'frank', but infinitely more successful is *The Crab-Apple Tree*, by Mr Richard Church. This country tale of two old brothers in a hostile Kentish village has an old-fashioned air. Story is all-important; the story-teller does not explain too much, but we take his word because he speaks with such simplicity and true feeling. Tragedy is latent in the first chapter; where or how it will come we do not know, but we expect it; and we feel helpless as the story moves, with growing pace, to its painful climax.

Mr Brendon has written a talented first novel about East Africans. *The Charm of Mambas* is set first in East Africa, then in war-time Burma, where African soldiers are serving under white officers. The war is less important than the conflicts between Africans and whites, and between Africans of various tribes. These relationships are well-done and convincing; they deserved a better novel. Elsewhere the writing is a little facile, and the novel as a whole is ragged and unbalanced. Mr Brendon fruitlessly tries to mend matters by a use of melodrama and sensationalism. If I say that Mr Brendon has a future, it is because I think these vulgarities superficial, the result of diffidence and too much reading of other people's novels.

For its first eighty pages or so *The Bank of Time*, the story of three brothers growing up in a Glasgow slum, has quality. The writing is direct and economical; the feeling is genuine and controlled and the writer establishes his world without effort. Then he remembers he is writing a 'novel' and we get a story of a fallen woman, contrived and second-hand and in parts absurd.

V. S. NAIPAUL

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The current issue of the *Times Literary Supplement* (6d.) contains a 64-page section on 'The American Imagination'. The theme is widely interpreted. As original works of imagination there are poems by John Berryman, Marianne Moore, Richard Eberhart, Theodore Roethke, Allen Ginsberg and others. Then there are surveys of painting, music, building, film, theatre, ballet; one article discusses American literary scholarship, another the financing by business of university research. There is a glance at the treatment in books of the Indian and the Negro; another at the contribution of Jewish writers. So the specifically literary articles – on the novel, poetry, autobiography, historical writing – take their place in a general context of American creativity. No one can read through this *Supplement* without gaining insight into what is implied by 'the American tradition'.

## Week-end Competition

**No. 1,550** **Set by Alfa Romeo**

The usual prizes are offered for a comment, in epigrammatic form, by a regular user of German autobahns, Italian autostrade or American highways, on the excitement of the natives at the opening of the 70 miles of the London to Birmingham Motorway. Entries by 17 November.

**Result of No. 1,547** **Set by J. G. Watson**

Mr Robin Skelton, in the current *Author*, suggests that theatre managements could help poets by printing a poem in their programmes. The usual prizes are offered for poems, of not more than 16 lines, suitable for inclusion in the programmes for one of the following: *Waiting for Godot, My Fair Lady, Henry V, Roots, Götterdämmerung.*

**Report**

Satire, disappointingly, was at a discount. *Godot* especially, which brought in most entries, promoted deep thoughts rather than irony. A surprisingly large number of entries adopted the method of describing the plot, in the manner of candidates for Eng. Lit. GCE. Serious themes were most successfully handled for *Henry V*, mainly on the lines of G. J. Blundell. A different approach was by A.M.P., commenting on the words of the play:

> These shall remain, where most we dwell,–
> In the mind.

For the most part, *Godot* proved too difficult, though John Welch's opening promised well:

> So what? You waited ages for the one-seven-two,
> And now the curtain's late.

*My Fair Lady* was mostly taken at face value, as by P. W. R. Foot, who pointed out that one should

> . . . try to speak as Cambridge men –
> without opening the mouth.

D. R. Peddy's attack on the musicalising of *Pygmalion* was marred by weak puns ('far-distant Shaw'). J. E. Cherry's attempt, which included 17 'bloodies' in the set number of lines, became


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wearisome, despite her sardonic 'A fortune from one bloody word'.

*Götterdämmerung* brought two entries in excellent German (as my assistant assures me) from J. W. Smeed and W. Gordon Wood, the latter showing a nice irony:

Cardus! Cooper! Seht!
David Drew! Sieh!
Kärglich grüsst Euch Euer 'Ring'!

Alas, Archibald Robertson failed to maintain the promise of his first line: 'You haven't heard the last of that damn'd ring.'

Two guineas to Jeremiah Sowerby, a guinea each to Alberick, G. J. Blundell and J. Jhirad. Honourable mention to R. A. McKenzie, P. W. R. Foot, Helen MacGregor, A. M. P., D. R. Peddy, Archibald Robertson and John Welch.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

As record jackets speak with honeyed tongue,
So shall we praise our *Götterdämmerung*,
Which caused a critic in *The Times* to sing
'This forms, perhaps, a climax to *The Ring*.'
On questions of production and expense
Extravagance was tempered by good sense,
And you may recognise, if you're astute,
Some scenes and costumes from *The Magic Flute*,
For we have postulated from the start
The fundamental unity of art.
In casting we have reached our highest peak:
Four Germans, two Italians, and a Greek.
Each sings his mother tongue so you may see
The glorious scope of art's diversity.
And if you think the price you paid was steep,
At sevenpence per *leitmotiv* it's cheap.

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

It's a long way to Immolation
It's a long way and slow;
It's a long way to Immolation
But Brünnhilde's got to go.
Sit tight, all you fidgets
Breathe in tempo, please;
It's a long, long way to Immolation
And at two guineas a seat with this cast
And no producer
It's an outrage.

ALBERICK

HENRY V

You, loathing war, no doubt, may here yet see,
Entranced, war's image and its pageantry,
And watch in comfort from your cushioned stalls
Innocuous swords and harmless cannon-balls.
Here you may savour bantering and wit,
The salt round camp-fires passed, for camp-meals fit;
Here you may laugh at rascals, hang-dogs, knaves
More used to fight it out with tongues than staves;
Here listen to the royal rhetoric,
And feel the spur of patriotism's prick.
But as you watch within this wooden O
The skilled impersonators come and go,
Think, gentle audience, of Agincourt
Just as it was on that dark day of yore
When Death walked on the field with hideous grin,
And cried, 'All lose, but I—I always win!'

G. J. BLUNDELL

WAITING FOR GODOT

*Le prêtre célébrant*
I heard Gregory singing in the morning.
And a leaf fell, and I thought, well
that's rather new, it'll never fall
Again. How melancholy. Gregory
is singing Dies Irae, but
he doesn't seem to know where the
Tune stops. And that of all things
of all tunes should have
an end to it. Must we have the
beginning over again Gregory, I like
voices in the morning, but rationed
and we were to go out to buy
A pot plant. We can't till Gregory is ready
and Gregory is singing
And he can't remember the end of
the song.

J. JHIRAD

# City Lights

## Bank Notes

Grandma drops a suggestion, the grandchildren get reluctantly to work, and three months later there appears a slim booklet modestly entitled *Notes on Amalgamations of British Businesses*. It is much what you would expect of a City memorandum on take-over bids. The introduction gaily assumes that bids are a good thing and are not to be interfered with unnecessarily; the rules which follow, though they touch on most of the points of difficulty, are worded loosely enough for the comfort of those whose principles reach further than their practice. Yet it is remarkable to find the City laying down rules for itself at all, and the grandchildren are glowing with conscious virtue and creative effort. It would be unkind to stress the fact that these rules are binding on no one, neither on the members of the various associations which drew them up (and one was involved in a partial bid on the day the rules appeared condemning partial bids), nor on the many finance houses which are outside these associations and which are still too small to be able to afford the conspicuous respectability of their established neighbours. There is hope, in any case, in the fact that the grandchildren now want the Board of Trade to act more vigorously in regulating the licensed dealers in securities who alone are allowed to make bids without having their proposals vetted. However great the closed-shop feeling behind this suggestion, it admits the idea of a government department ready to use its power to intervene continuously and to work with a flexible code of practice rather than with a legal bludgeon. This, together with the creation of an expert body capable of finding out what is going on and letting the officials know about it in good time, is probably the most hopeful line for the government's committee to explore.

* * *

This committee, presumably, will have wide terms of reference and will be able to consider the Prevention of Fraud Act (which covers most of the juiciest issues of the moment) as well as the Companies Act. The present Companies Act, so far as it goes, is fairly adequate: the committee would be able to recommend freedom to have shares of no par value and to tie up a lot of technical loose ends, but it would be prevented from going much further by lack of a workable theory about the one and the many. Equity investment has developed a good deal in the past decade, but inside a legal theory which regards risk-shareholders as owning whatever is left of a company when those with prior charges have been paid. The exponents of people's capitalism have taken over this theory, applied it to large and established corporations, and attempted to develop the idea that industry is really owned and controlled by a large number of small shareholders. In practice, of course, this is nonsense, both here and in America; the idea has survived at all only because of the growth of institutions which, as professional investors, have the time and money to spend on behaving like the conscientious shareholder of the textbook. The non-voting share is the crystallisation of the absurdity; but the man who buys non-voting shares worries about his lack of a vote only when he finds it affecting his pocket—then he demands a change in the law. Similar problems to those raised by non-voting shares are raised by the existence of classes of shares with special voting rights, by the fashion of making scrip issues in voteless partici-

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pating preferred, and by the freedom of directors – though they dare use it only in an emergency – to alter the whole balance of voting power by a scrip issue of one class of stock to the holders of either that class or another class of stock. Similar problems, again, are raised by the ability of directors to issue new shares for cash to whomever they wish at whatever price they wish: they are free in theory not only to make a present of part of the company to somebody not connected with it at all but to sell effective control of it to some outside body.

To alter the law on these matters is easier said than done, largely because of the difficulty of defining what the equity in a company is. We have reached a point, in fact, where theory and practice have parted; practice can be forced to adapt itself to the old theory, though the result is bound to be unsatisfactory, but what we really need is a fresh theory of the company and of the rights of shareholders, directors, managers, workers and consumers. Since we are unlikely to get one sufficiently precise and sufficiently generally accepted for some time to come, the basis of the Companies Act is likely to remain uncertain, and investors too foolish to look after themselves must continue to hope that public opinion will come to their rescue.

* * *

Mr Ted Leather was wrong to ice his speech about the need to tighten up on the City with a casual hint that several more City scandals were imminent. The newspapers, Jasper-conscious, were on to him in a flash, Mr Leather could say nothing more, and a general feeling of anticlimax went round. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Mr Leather was talking through his hat. The affairs of a Staffordshire industrial banking firm have, in fact, been referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions this week. Many editors, curiously, took Mr Leather seriously enough to pay quite unusual attention to the news that the chairman of a group of property companies had fallen to his death from his flat window. Mr Leather was simply unlucky that people expected too much. To say that a City scandal is imminent is usually a safe statement.

### Company News

The preliminary figures of *Tube Investments* are double-edged. The company is paying 20 per cent. against the 17½ per cent. forecast at the time of the bid for *British Aluminium*, with cover down from 3½ times to three times. The group profits, however, excluding those of *British Aluminium*, have fallen from £16.1m to £14.8m. *Birmid Industries* has done well out of selling light castings to the car industry, with profits up from £980,000 to £1.1m. The fact that profits are still a good way short of those reached in the 1954-5 boom may be due to the recession in the aircraft industry, but the confidence of the directors is evident in the dividend, increased from 17½ to 20 per cent., and in the one-for-two scrip issue. *W. & C. French*, building and civil engineering contractors, suffered from bad weather in the year to end-March: the dividend is disappointingly held at the old 25 per cent.: earnings to cover it fell from 146 to 70 per cent.

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# The Chess Board

### No. 521. De Ruyter's Flagship Sailed Away

It was just over 292 years ago that Admiral de Ruyter sailed the Dutch fleet up the Medway channel for his daring burn-and-run raid. Last week a handsome silver replica of the admiral's flagship put in an equally fleeting appearance at Cheltenham where our team, alas, was unable to capture what is now to be the permanent trophy for an annual Anglo-Dutch match. The result of 3 losses and 7 draws on each of the two days looks worse than it was when considering that many of the draws were as well fought and deserved as Penrose's (White) against Dr Euwe.

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-Q4; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, B-B4; (5) Kt-Kt3, B-Kt3; (6) P-KR4, P-KR3; (7) Kt-B3, Kt-Q2; (8) B-Q3, BxB; (9) QxB, KKt-B3; (10) B-Q2, P-K3; (11) O-O-O, Q-B2; (12) Kt-K4, O-O-O; (13) P-B4, P-B4; (14) KtxKt, KtxKt; (15) B-B3, Q-B5 ch; (16) Q-Q2, QxQ ch; (17) RxQ, Kt-K5; (18) R-K2, KtxB; (19) PxKt, B-Q3; (20) R-Q1, PxP; (21) PxP, R-Q2; (22) K-B2, KR-Q1; (23) R-K4, R-B2; (24) K-Q3, P-KKt3; (25) R-Q2, B-K2; (26) Kt-K5, B-B3; (27) R(Q2)-K2, BxKt; (28) RxB, R(B2)-Q2; (29) R(K5)-K4, R-Q3; (30) K-B3, R-R3; (31) R(K4)-K3, R(Q1)-Q3; (32) R-Kt2, R-R5; (33) R(K3)-K2, R(Q3)-R3; (34) P-Q5. [Penrose, with just about a minute left for his remaining seven moves before the time control, played this on the spur of the moment, and Euwe now used almost every one of some thirty minutes left to him]. PxP; (35) PxP, RxP; (36) R-K7, R-R6 ch; (37) K-B2, P-Kt3; (38) RxBP, R-Q5; (39) R-B6, RxP; (40) RxKKtP, P-KR4; and here, with a handsome compliment from the ex-world champion to his young opponent, the draw was agreed.

The match was well organized in the recreation hall of the Dowty aircraft factory, and Cheltenham's numerous and keen chessplayers seemed well pleased to watch such thrilling games as Donner's win against Clarke.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) P-K3, P-B4; (5) B-Q3, P-Q4; (6) Kt-B3, O-O; (7) O-O, Kt-B3; (8) P-QR3, BxKt; (9) PxB, QPxP; (10) BxBP, Q-B2; (11) B-Kt5, P-QKt3; (12) R-K1, R-Q1; (13) B-Kt2, B-Kt2; (14) P-K4, Q-B5? [Donner told me later that he considered that move the source of Black's subsequent trouble, and Clarke agreed that he ought to have played . . . P-K4 instead]; (15) P-K5, Kt-Q4; (16) B-Q3, P-B4; (17) PxP e.p., QxBP; (18) Q-B2, PxP; (19) BxP ch, K-R1; (20) PxP, Kt(3)-K2; (21) B-K4, Kt-B4; (22) B-B1, KR-QB1; (23) Q-Kt2, K-Kt1; (24) B-Kt5, Q-B2; (25) Kt-K5, Q-R4; (26) Q-Q2, Q-K1; (27) P-QR4, R-B2; (28) P-Kt4, Kt-Q3; (29) B-Kt6, Q-QB1; (30) QR-B1!, R-B6; (31) B-K7, Kt-QB5; (32) B-B7 ch, resigns.

Now here's Haygarth-van Scheltinga after Black's 16th ( . . .P-B3) when some Dutch fireworks started. /r3k2r/1p4bp/2kt1ppp1/1p1pPkt2/1P1P4/2B2B2/P3Kt PPP/R3K2R/.

(17) B-Kt4, PxP; (18) BxKt, PxP; (19) BxKP, PxB; (20) BxP, KtxP; (21) BxP, R-R2; (22) B-K4, R-K2; (23) P-B3, RxB; (24) PxR, Kt-B7 ch; (25) K-B2, O-O ch; (26) K-Kt3, B-K4 ch; (27) K-R3, KtxR; (28) RxKt, R-R1; (29) R-QKt1, R-Kt1; (30) K-Kt4, P-B7; (31) R-Kt4.

That wasn't a good move, and how it was punished right away may well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

The competition this week is enriched by the courtesy of the two members of the Dutch team who happen to be well-known composers; they gave me three very neat pieces (two of them not previously published). **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are 3-movers, **D** is a study, not very difficult but rating 8 points because competitors are to indicate how White's winning key-move is varied when the Black P is shifted from Kt3 to Kt4. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 November.

**B: Dr J. Th. Barendregt 1938:** /4b3/3p2K1/2Ktkp3/1Q1P4/1P2p2P/3p1p2/16/.

**C: N. Cortlever 1959:** /8/7Q/br1pp3/1KtpKt1kt1p/2P1k1p1/6P1/p1K1P1P1/B7/.

**D: Dr J. Th. Barendregt 1959:** /b7/8/5kp1/8/3K4/2R3P1/1kt6/8/.

REPORT on No. 518, Set 17 October.

A: (1) B-B5! PxKt (relatively best); (2) B-Kt6 ch, B-B2; (3) QxQ etc.
B: *Key:* R-KB1!! If . . . K-Q5; (2) Q-Q3 ch, K-K5; (3) P-B4 mate. If . . . KxP or . . . P-K4; (2) R-QKt1 etc.
C: *Key:* R-KB1!! (threatening P-B3 ch and Kt-Kt2 mate). If . . . PxR=Q; (2) Kt-B3!, KxKt; (3) R-Q7 mate; or (2) . . . Q-Kt 7 ch. (3) R-KKt5 mate. If (1) . . . P-B6; (2) R-KKt1 and mate by R-Kt4.

A much too easy lot and masses of correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Barouch (of Jerusalem, yet another of our numerous Israeli competitors), C. H. Brown, J. M. Hollis, J. Mitchell, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

## PERSONAL

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NUCLEAR explosions in North Sahara: French testing-ground is destination of international expedition of non-violent protest, leaving Ghana in November. To do what you can to prevent these (and any more) nuclear explosions, write to the governments and send money for this expedition to Direct Action Committee against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Rd, London, N4.

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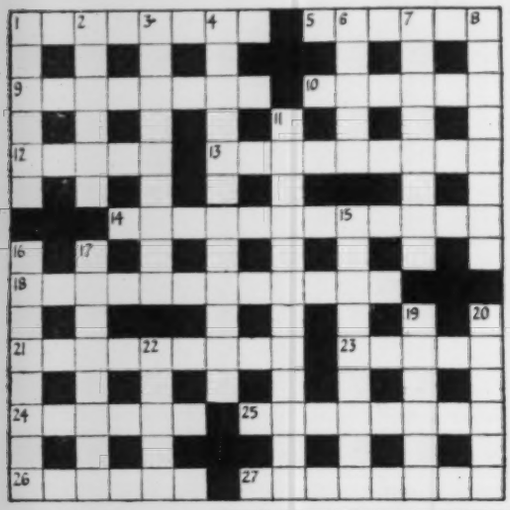
# Week-end Crossword 378

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 378, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 17 Nov.*



## ACROSS

1. Pattern for a flag (8).
5. The journalist puts a piece of correspondence in front of us (6).
9. The hanger-on has somewhere to build next to a place in 17 (8).
10. Girl with a gun in front of the lawyer (6).
12. Eye for a work quoted backwards (5).
13. Capital conclusion to some drinks for a Puritan (9).
14. Studies a philosopher with a thousand illustrations (12).
18. They deal in drugs and have the means of locomotion at heart (12).
21. Uncle one proved to be reformed (9).
23. Rub out with an African prince at heart (5).
24. Delighted when the story is returned by the editor (6).
25. Oil and dates come from this alone (8).
26. Rents for an acrobatic feat (6).
27. A wolf, I show amusement about money (8).

## DOWN

1. Take a drink at the honourable bottle (6).
2. Put air in with the weight going up in the middle (6).
3. What the housewife uses to cheat the clergy (9).
4. A list of candidates for election, you may take it on the platform (6, 6).
6. Gave vent to anger in time (5).
7. A zigzag figure makes the English sober during the ball (8).
8. A careless blow just above the line (8).
11. The total Homer mysteriously employs for garden structures (12).
15. The writer is fortunate in Nelly's confusion (9).
16. They try out pieces of embroidery (8).
17. Growth on the west without limit in a county (8).
19. The subject and one who makes it dull (6).
20. The conductor was successful about age (6).
22. 'Two of far nobler shape —— and tall' (Milton) (5).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 376*

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 376

*M. Collins (N. Wembley)*
*Mrs Edith Ahlmann (Shaldon)*
*K. O. Pook (Twickenham)*

*CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ROYAL MEDICO-PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

APPOINTMENT OF SECRETARY

Applications are invited for post of whole-time Secretary in London office. Duties comprise arrangement of meetings, examinations, lecture courses; compilation and circulation of agenda and notices; care of Library; conduct of Association's business under general direction of Council and Hon. General Secretary. Expert shorthand and typing essential (assistance of Shorthand/typist provided). Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience but not less than £850 per annum. Luncheon vouchers provided, superannuation scheme optional. Application forms and full details from Hon. General Secretary, RMPA, 11 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from trained and experienced social workers for vacancies at HM Prisons, Bristol, Cardiff and Durham. Salary as for Probation Service. Full details and application forms from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. Closing date for completed forms 30 November.

BRITISH COUNCIL RECRUITMENT PROGRAMME 1960

I General Service Entry: Honours graduates. Age 21 to 37.
II Studentships: postgraduate training to teach English as foreign language.

Booklet 'Appointments 1960' and application form from Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1

WANTED: INTELLIGENT AND TACTFUL WOMAN TO TRAIN AS MANAGERESS FOR SMALL LAUNDRY.

Experience in allied trades (cleaning fabrics etc) helpful, but will consider newcomer. £10 week. More if fully qualified. SW London. Box 175.

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do not always recommend a change of job! When we do, we try to ensure it will be a progressive move - not a step in the wrong direction.

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436 Strand,
Charing Cross, WC2
TEMple Bar 6644
(Licensed Annually by LCC.)

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau. Part-time worker reqd with some social service exp. CAB, 155 Harlesden Rd, NW10. WIL. 2631.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in German. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to a mediævalist who is also a philologist. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-80-£2,600 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum. In each case cost-of-living adjustment will be allowed. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 12 December, 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above post. Qualifications are required in the field of educational measurement, statistical analysis of data, and the methodology of educational research. An appointee is sought who can develop this field of work at three levels, basic, advanced, under-graduate, and post-graduate, and in close association with the NZ Council for Educational Research. The salary for a lecturer will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. University salaries are at present under review. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 30 November, 1959.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College. Secondary Boy's School (280 pupils age range 11+ to 16+)—qualified Master required for mathematics (graded post—allowance £90). Burnham P. & S. salary scale £520 × £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London Allowance £38 or £51 and possible additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 18 November, 1959. (2302).

MATRON. The Girls' Home, Dundee. Applications are invited for the post of Matron-in-Charge of the above Home. Applicants, preferably but not essentially, should have Social Science Diploma or Certificate and have had experience with difficult girls aged 15-18. The Salary Scale is £750/900 per annum with Superannuation Scheme available. Applications (three copies) stating qualifications and experience and providing references should be lodged as soon as possible with the Secretaries, Messrs. Henderson & Loggie, CA, 11 Panmure St, Dundee, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

PUBLISHING. Small-scale publisher university and educational books, Bloomsbury, needs junior lady assistant general duties. Varied work and opportunities might suit school leaver or graduate, 18-22, with scholarly interests. Typing or willingness to learn it essential. Write stating qualifications and salary expected. Box 180.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Pakistani National as Programme Assistant for its Pakistan Section in London. Essential qualifications: first class Urdu, written and spoken; good knowledge and understanding of spoken and written English; ability to translate accurately and in good style News Bulletins, Talks and Features from English into Urdu and to read acceptably at the microphone; degree standard education. Experience in journalism, original writing or radio an advantage. Selected candidates must pass translation and voice tests. Appointment for three years (with possible extension). Fixed salary £1,085 a year, possibly higher if qualifications outstanding. Prospects of promotion. Applications in English, quoting reference G.1350 N.Stm, and giving full details of education, present employment, qualifications and experience to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 14 days. Please enclose addressed envelope for acknowledgement.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the posts of Lecturer in Social Anthropology and Lecturer in Rural Sociology in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than 12 December, 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

EDINBURGH Community Research and Development Studies. Secretary. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to this research project. Besides normal secretarial work including shorthand and typing the post will carry some responsibility for office administration and public relations. Salary £500 × £25 per annum to £575 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Apply in writing only to The Secretary, The University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh 8.

LONDON County Council. Welfare Officer with recent practical experience, and preferably with social science qualification, required to work in Public Health Department in connection with prevention of venereal disease. Duties involve attendance at two hospital VD Clinics and following up of defaulters. Inclusive salary £679 (at age 24)—£884, commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D. L./2296), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 16 November.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Reception Hostel, 'The Beeches', Leicester Forest East. Applications are invited from single women for the resident post of Assistant at this Hostel which accommodates approximately 22 children. The Hostel is a pleasant house situated in delightful grounds within easy reach of the city centre. A comfortable bed-sitting room will be provided for the person appointed, who will be required to take part in the interesting work of observation and assessment of children newly admitted to the care of the Local Authority. Applicants should possess the Home Office Certificate in Child Care or similar qualification and have experience in residential work with children. Salary: £500 to £580 per annum, less £120 per annum for board and lodging. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 24 November, 1959.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre- & after-care in Community Care Service; reqd initially at East Division, Tottenham. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Seven psychiatric social workers are at present engaged in the service, one of whom is already working in the East Division. PTA qualifications and salary. Established, prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Full particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 29 November. (Quote B.324 N.S.)

ESSEX. South Essex Child Guidance Clinic. Vacancies for: (i) Full-time Educational Psychologist, for work in Hornchurch and Brentwood areas covered by two-team clinic. Work includes remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have Honours degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale. (ii) Part-time Child Psychotherapist; 5 sessions weekly. Fee £2 12s. 6d. a session plus travelling expenses between home and clinic. Further particulars and forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

APPROVED School After-care. LCC require child welfare officer for after-care of boys on licence and under supervision from Ardale School, a senior approved school in Essex (accom. 133). Successful candidate based at area children's office in London but will work under immediate direction of Headmaster. Legal responsibility for after-care work is vested in school managing committee. Previous experience of child care or allied social work necessary. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate qualification an advantage. Ability to drive desirable. £665-£965, commencing accdg to quals. and expce. Appln form and other details from Children's Officer (CH/EL/2366), County Hall, London, SE1 (returnable by 14 November).

HOSTEL for Working Girls (ESN School Leavers). Applications are invited for the following two resident posts at an experimental hostel in Leytonstone for educationally sub-normal working girls of school leaving age. To commence January, 1960. A social worker will be attached to the hostel and staff case conferences are held with consultant psychiatrist and psychologist. (1) Warden (woman). Applicants should have teaching or other appropriate training; experience in special or approved schools an advantage. This post is open to single or married women. There is no accommodation for children. (2) Matron. Applicants should have qualifications and or experience of household management including catering and cooking. Relevant residential experience an advantage. Salary in line with approved national scales for suitably qualified candidates. Application forms and further particulars from:—The General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary, preferably age 20-30 and with good shorthand/typing speeds and secretarial experience, required from 4 January 1960. Salary on scale £710/789 plus proficiency allowances for RSA certificates; 4 weeks' holiday, superannuation, canteen. Apply, giving age, education and experience to Inland Revenue Staff Federation, 7 St George's Square, SW1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RSPCA School Lecturer. Lecturer required, man, preferably qualified teacher, for speaking in schools on humane treatment of animals. Candidates should be under 45 years of age and be prepared to reside and travel widely in the north of England. Duties to begin earliest possible by arrangement. Commencing salary, from £550-£650 p.a. according to experience and qualifications, rising to a maximum of £800 by annual increments of £25. A car would be provided and all expenses paid when away from home. Contributory Pension Scheme. Applications, by Letter Only, to Chief Secretary, RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, SW1, by Mon. 16 November.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker, the appointment being a joint one between the Hartlepools Hospitals Management Committee and the West Hartlepool Local Health Authority. There is a modern and rapidly expanding Psychiatric Unit at the General Hospital, West Hartlepool, and this functions in close co-operation with the Local Health Authority. The person appointed will have a vital part to play in this growing co-ordinated service. Applications are invited from persons who have undergone the full training of a Psychiatric Social Worker, but consideration will also be given to applicants possessing a Social Science Diploma who are desirous of obtaining psychiatric experience. Salary and Service Conditions will be in accordance with Whitley Council Agreements and applications should be sent to the Group Secretary, General Hospital, West Hartlepool, as soon as possible.

PARK Prewett Hospital, Basingstoke. Clinical Psychologist. Applications are invited for this post from candidates with an Honours Degree in Psychology and suitable post-graduate training. National Health Whitley Council conditions of service; salary on the scale £735—£1,050 per annum. The hospital has 1,700 beds and the work covers a wide range of both inpatients and outpatients, with opportunities for research. Residential accommodation may be made available for a single person. Further details may be obtained from the Senior Psychologist. Applications, stating age, experience, etc., together with the names of two referees, to the Group Secretary as soon as possible.

CLINICAL Psychologist required for four session (Monday and Friday) in the Dept. of Psychological Medicine at Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond St, London, WC1. The Department gives opportunity of working with many unusual kinds of children, including psychotic and brain damaged. There are already a Principal and two Senior Psychologists. The usual qualifications and Whitley Council conditions apply. Apply in writing to the House Governor before 30 Nov., 1959.

CHILD Care. Married couple required as deputies to warden and matron at 'Mythe House', Goose Lane, Mayford, Surrey, a special home for 14 boys 11-15 years, presenting behaviour problems resulting from emotional disturbance. Experience in residential care of deprived or maladjusted adolescents essential, preference being given to possessors of approved qualifications. Housefather should be able to encourage boys in spare-time hobbies, interests and games; housemother required to assist in domestic management of house. Comfortably furnished quarters. Housefather £500-£580, housemother £475-£555 commencing according to qualifications and experience, both less £134 14s. for board etc. Four weeks leave. Apply Children's Officer (CH/WDO/2358), LCC County Hall, London, SE1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified teachers for an appointment to be made to the staff of this independent special school for maladjusted boys in January 1960. Full details from the Principal, Swalcliffe Park School, Nr Banbury, Oxon.

BOYS' Club Leader, age groups 6-18 years. Residence or two-roomed house available. Salary in accordance with age and experience. Applications, along with two names and addresses of referees, to the Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St, Dundee.

CHIEF Sub-editor required for national fiction magazine. Enthusiasm, reliability and editorial experience essential. Excellent opportunities. Apply Box 183.

ARTISTIC lady or gentleman offered part /full time occupation as agent in own area for sale of reproduction pictures by remarkable new process. Selling and/or knowledge of art required. Box 153.

VACANCY for experienced secretary of good education to train as full-time teacher of shorthand and typewriting in NW London College. Box 40.

SECRETARY required for Senior Trade Union Official. Good English and first-class shorthand/typing essential, experience in committee procedure, taking and drafting of minutes most desirable. TU background would be helpful. The post is busy and interesting. Minimum commencing salary approx. £11 p.w. on an incremental scale. 35-hr, 5-day week. Good holidays, generous pension scheme. Apply: The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, Westminster, SW1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist, 24 or over, starting £10 5s. a week, rising by annual increments to £12 10s. Superannuation scheme. Write National Union of Journalists, 22 Great Windmill St. W1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Council of Industrial Design requires an Office Assistant for its Designers' Record. Age 25-35. Good general education; relevant office experience; quick and accurate typing; an interest in art and design desirable. Starting salary £10 12s. at 26 or older. Annual increments. Hours 9.10 to 5.25. One Saturday morning in five, 3½ weeks' paid leave. Pension scheme. Write details of age, education and posts held with dates, to the Establishment Officer (quoting NS/62), 28 Haymarket, SW1. TRA. 8000.

SECRETARY reqd by social research group at University College, London. High speed shorthand/typing essential. Good holidays & interesting work. Salary £520-£620 per annum approx. according to qualifications. Please write, stating age & experience, to Box 197.

MANAGING Director of an expanding Company requires personal secretary, age 25-35. Not glamorous, film, fashion or television business in West End, but engineering, machine tools, automation, etc., in North Acton, NW10. Interesting occupation to someone prepared to take an interest in it and who is willing to take on lots of work and responsibility. Long hours, 9 a.m. to 5.45 p.m. (sometimes), practically no Saturdays. (No Sundays.) Must be prepared to travel, occasionally abroad to minute negotiations, record and follow up with London Office Exhibition contacts, etc. Accuracy of shorthand and typing are more important than ultimate in speed, but common sense and perseverance are vital. Sound knowledge of French &/or German would be a great advantage. Qualifications are numerous and salary will be in accordance with them. Please write, giving full details of education, previous experience, etc., to Box 219.

LADY graduate, Arts or Economics, 24-35, wanted in postal college office ten minutes Victoria. Mainly marking students' papers; some other duties. Good knowledge current affairs. Occasional travel in England. Salary £13 10s. Five-day week. State age, education, experience. Box 265.

BBC requires typists for its Arabic Service in London. Applicants should have a good knowledge of Classical Arabic and be able to type in Arabic both from manuscript and dictation. Shift work covering hours from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Salary, according to qualifications, in grade with maximum of £10 17s. 6d. plus 10s. Language Allowance. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within seven days, quoting reference SC.1265 N. Stm.

TRANSLATOR/shorthand-typist, bilingual French/English required. Commencing salary £11 6s. per week. Write Miners' International Federation, 75 Blackfriars Road, London, SE1.

PART-time (evenings) Receptionist/typist. German & French speaking. School of Languages, 63 Oxford St. GER. 1460.

SECRETARY, 18/23, for editorial dept of well-known publisher. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN 0676.

ARCHITECT requires capable and, if possible, permanent, Secretary to assist in a small City Practice. Previous architectural or similar experience desirable, but not essential. CEN. 5766 or Box 109.

SECRETARY/shorthand typist required for interesting work at a small medical unit in Vincent Square. Salary £424-£501 according to qualifications, maximum £600. Applications to House Governor, Westminster Hospital, SW1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand typist required for Joint Secretary. Minimum speeds 120/50. No Saturdays. Commencing salary between £450-£650 according to age and experience. Apply Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W1.

LABOUR organisation with good working conditions, lunch system, and 32½-hour week, seeks efficient secretary for whom it cannot pay more than £10 3s. 6d. at 23, rising to £10 18s. 6d. after full year's serv. Box 283.

INTELLIGENT, versatile secretary (part-time) for professional woman. Suit married woman living Regent's Park area. Interesting work with national organisation. Box 259.

ST STEPHEN'S has two most interesting posts available in the Medical Field. Girls from 18 upwards with good shorthand/typing may apply. Salary to £12. St Stephen's Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

CAREERS, Problems – consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. Welbeck 8017.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YNG woman offers garden help, hrly basis. 6 mls radius Maidenhead. Box 275.

QUIET translator seeks progressive post amid lively arts. Box 125.

ANTIQUES. Lady seeks part-time. Highest references. Box 110.

ANY ideas? Econs & Sociology woman grad. wishes change of job. Fluent French, admin. experience. Box 155.

## SCHOOLS

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

## LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 644

LEARN a Language this Winter. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson, sent gratis, post free. Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mans, Wigmore St, London, W1. WEL. 1411.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses, Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

ITALIAN, French, German (Rome Univ., Sorbonne, Heidelberg). Coaching all exams & scholarships. Also conversation. Chanda HAM. 7322, 7.45-8.45 a.m. Suns. 1.15-2.30.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete Course; (2) Basic French for Conversation; (3) Translation Courses. Lesson-by-lesson coaching by experienced French Teachers. Easy payments, combined class/correspondence courses. Send for Prospectus: Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

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RUSSIAN lessons. Full consideration to individual interests. EUS. 2063.

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SPECIALISED Tuition in pianoforte playing, technique & repertoire. Constance Bulmer, 32 Trevor Place, SW7. KEN. 4624.

SINGING. Voice Production. Piano, beginners. Late Vienna Conserv. GLA. 0584.

VOICE production, and coaching in Italian, German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish and English songs. Florence Wiese, 59 George Street, W1. WEL. 7893.

## FELLOWSHIPS AND GRANTS

### LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

Fellowships & Grants, 1960

Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. These awards are intended for senior workers of established position and are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom; in exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence.

No subject of enquiry is excluded from consideration but preference is given to subjects in which existing provision for research is inadequate.

The duration of the awards does not extend over more than two years or less than three months, and the amount depends on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant. Application must be made on Form 'F' obtainable together with further details from the Secretary, Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4.

The closing date is 31 December 1959. Results will be announced in May and the awards will normally date from 1 September 1960.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?', the invaluable £1 Christmas present for yourself and others. Every month 'Which?' reports frankly and impartially on the goods you may want to buy. Annual subs. only £1 to Dept 6, Consumers' Assocn Ltd, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

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PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

AUTHORS! Have you a book to be published? Write for details of Co-operative Publishing Plan to NES, P. R. Macmillan, Ltd, 107 Fleet St, London, EC4. (Not connected with Macmillan & Co. Ltd, London.)

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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## ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FURN. room W. Hampstead, in yng couple's flat, use kitchen and bathroom. Suit quietish s/c. student-type of any age. Approx. 50s. incl. heating. Box 6.

WARM, light, self-contained basement flat. Contemporary dec. & furn. Sitting-room with adj. bedrm, kitchen, bthrm, c.h.w., own tel. Top Campden Hill. 7 gns. PAR. 9161.

SHARING in young flat Hampstead, 'phone, own key, own room. £4. Box 190.

BED-sit., kitchen & facils. Suit young person. £2 10s. incl. BAT. 5875.

NEAR West End and in Richmond. Comf. furn. or unf. serv. flatlets, c.h.w., priv. bathrm, ckg facs. RIC. 0396 morns.

GROUND fl. furn. flat for one. Newly converted house in pleasant street. London, W2. 5 gns p.w. inc. hot w., lighting. Box 220.

CONTEMP.-designed flatlet, TV set, radiogram and own telephone. 8 gns per week. Regent's Park. Box 202.

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FINSBURY Park. Attractive single bed-sitter for lady. CANonbury 4193.

HAMPSTEAD For 1, lge furn. b/s, lge b. & k. Ev. privacy. Own 'phone. MAI. 2821.

LARGE divan-room, kitchenette, modern house; buses, tube. 3 gns. GLA. 4574.

LADY 25/35 wtd share Highgate flat fr. 7 Nov. £13 mth. MOU. 3511 (aft. 7 p.m.).

FOUR young men seek fifth to share large s/c. flat Highbury. Box 136.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming single b/s. 3½ gns p.w. incl. service. PRI. 0488.

HAMPSTEAD. One very attract. room to let, use kit., bath, gdn. HAM. 4780.

DESIGNER'S fully furn. house, NW5, to let 3 mths from April, 1960. Box 156.

HIGHGATE. Attractive furn. flat, suit 1 or 2 bus. people. 5 gns. MOU. 3676.

LARGE furn. double bed-sit, with k'nette, h. & c. 4 gns. & single bed-sit., h. & c., cooking facs., £3. TUD. 0516.

DIVAN-room to let in graduate's house, £2 p.w. CANonbury 2143.

LARGE, pleasant b/sit., Shortlands, Kent. £2 2s. RAV. 6183 after 7.30 p.m.

## ACCOMMODATION WANTED

STUDENT requires s/c furn. flat. Hampstead, Belsize Pk or Swiss Cott. Miss Patel, Heath House, Lyndhurst Terrace, NW3.

YOUNG p. grad. student & social worker wife req. unfurn. flat with kit. & use of bath in fairly central London. Box 264.

FOR girl student, Lycée, with evening, weekend meals. With family. COV. 3044.

DESPERATE: Yng impecunious female, advtg exec., reqs s/c flat K'bridge, Kens, W8, M'bone, NW8, area. Max. £4 unfurn., £7 furn. No premium. Box 127.

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| 10 & 14 Nov. at 7.30 | Un Ballo in Maschera |
| 13 Nov. at 7.30 | Salome |

THE ROYAL BALLET

| | |
|---|---|
| 11 Nov. at 7.30 | Le Lac des Cygnes |
| 14 Nov. at 2.15 | Sylvia |

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TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
Evenings at 7.30

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|---|---|
| 10 & 13 Nov. | Don Giovanni |
| 11 Nov. | Andrea Chenier |
| 12 Nov. | Cinderella (La Cenerentola) |
| 14 Nov. | The Flying Dutchman |

## THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'My Friend Judas'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745, 7.30, S. 5 & 8.15, Th. 2.30. Serjeant Musgrave's Dance. 'Rare theatrical magic.' Dly Mail.

EURIPIDES. Philip Vellacott's translation of 'The Bacchae'. Rudolf Steiner Theatre, 21, 23, 24 Nov., 7.30. 3s. 6d. & 4s. 6d. Advance bookings: J. Logan, 38 Upwood Rd, SE12.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer', by W. Mankowitz.

TOWER. 7.30, 6, 7, 8 (mems), 12, 13, 14 Nov. O'Casey's 'Juno and The Paycock'. Book now. CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 7 Nov. only. London Dance Group, Robin Hood Singers, 7.45. Mems. Opening 13 Nov. 'Anna Christie'.

## CONCERTS

GOLDBERG Variations (Bach) played by Millicent Silver (Harpsichord). Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat. 14 Nov., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

L 'OPERA-Bouffe.' (91st Concert of French Music.) Wigmore Hall, Tues. 10 Nov. at 7.30. Suzanne Lafaye, Robert Moret, Georges Van Parys. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall. (WEL. 2141.)

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 - Free Concerts, Wednesday evenings at 7.45: 11 November, Wind Music of 18th, 19th and 20th Centuries: Members of New English Orchestra directed by Leonard Rafter. 18 November, Folk Songs of Many Lands: Engel Lund and Ferdinand Ruater, 25 November, Syriax to Saxophone (A History of Wood Wind): James MacGillivray and Joan Rimmer. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7-7.40 p.m. (1918.)

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St. SW1, Mon. 9 November, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
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Plato Films Ltd presents
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Poems, Songs, Play Excerpts, etc. (English Synopsis) by distinguished artists from the East German Democratic Republic.
ERNST BUSCH, WOLFGANG HEINZ & PETER FISCHER
of the Berliner Ensemble
GISELA MAY & WOLFGANG LANGHOFF
of the Deutsches Theater
Music by Eisler, Dessau & Weill
Wednesday, 18 Nov., 6.30 & 8.30 p.m.
Thursday, 19 Nov., 6.30 & 8.30 p.m.
Tickets (reserved) 7s. 6d., 5s., from Tuesday, 10 Nov. (RFH Box Office WATerloo 3191)

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 8 Nov., Gorki Trilogy: My Universities (A). From 9 Nov. Films by Fellini: I Vitelloni (A).

THE Companions Club - Friendly, informal dance every Thursday, 8-11 p.m. at the Roebuck, 108a, Tottenham Court Road (opp. Easterns). Mem. 2s., guests 3s. at door or 'phone GER. 3063.

## ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, today Sat. 7 Nov. 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

LUNCHEON for Georgian dancers, 18 Nov. Tickets 30s. from Secretary (Theatre Section), Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR, 14 Kensington Square, W8. WEStern 1571.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new Facsimile Degas 'Ballet Dancer: Fourth Position' £3 15s. plus tax 8s. 11d. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architects' Choice. A selection from the collections of modern British Architects. Until 28 Nov. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

20th Century Italian Painting and Sculpture, South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. Until 14 Nov. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 3-6. Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent sculpture Trevor Bates, 10-6. Sats 10-1. At 2 Cork St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925'. Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Students 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

DUNOYER De Segonzac: Drawings, watercolours & engravings. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Till 29 November. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) F. N. Souza from 3 Nov.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture - Tellem & Dogon from French Sudan. Until 21 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Picabia - First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 14 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Fred Palmer, Joan Knoblock, Don Tibbenham. 26 Oct.-14 Nov. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century: Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kasimir Malevich 1878-1935. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent paintings Elsa Vaudrey; Paintings by Soulages. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 20 November.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Ptgs & Drws, Peter Coker. Till 19 Nov.

AUTUMN Exhibition of works by members of the Finsbury Art Group. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadler's Wells). Tues., 3 Nov., to Fri., 13 Nov. Open 12 noon to 7 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sn. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Leonard Rosoman & Jacob Bornfriend: Recent Paintings, 10-5.30; Sats 10-1.

CARDBOARDS selected and arranged by G. Metzger, 14 Monmouth Street, WC2. Daily 6 p.m.-12. Until 30 Nov.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Bella Brisel' Paintings, until 28 Nov. 6 Duke St, St James's.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. John Piper, Ben Shahn and etchings and lithos by 19th & 20th century masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Edwin La Dell - The Oxford and Cambridge Eight - lithographs & associated gouaches. 3-28 Nov., 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 11 Nov., 6.30: 'The Price of Inward Mental Peace', Dr. Edward Conze. Also at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, Beginners' Class, Lesson 1 (four lessons, fortnightly), Tues. 10 Nov., 6.30 - all welcome. Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea - open to all), 14 Nov. 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

'THEOSOPHY in Past Centuries'. Public Lecture Sun. 8 Nov., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

W. G. CONSTABLE
will deliver two lectures on
COLLECTORS AND COLLECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES
Wednesday 11 November & Friday 13 November at 5.30 p.m.
Anatomy Theatre, University College London, Gower St, WC1. Admission free without ticket.
These lectures will be repeated in Leeds at The Lecture Room, City Art Gallery, Leeds, on 16 & 18 November, at 7 p.m.

PROF. P. M. S. Blackett: 'The Future of British Defence Policy'. Fabian Post-Election Lecture, Wed. 11 Nov. 7.15, Livingstone Hall (nr St James's Park Stn).

DELEGATES and visitors from Labour Parties, trade union branches, mines, docks, Co-op. parties, Labour Youth sections, some of Britain's largest engineering factories and peace organisations are coming to the National Assembly of Labour, St Pancras Town Hall, on Sunday, 15 November, at 10 a.m. Delegates' credentials on application. Visitors' tickets (2s. each) from Secretary, National Assembly of Labour, 186 Clapham High St, SW4. Tel. MAC. 7029.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled 'The Families of Outremer', will be delivered by The Hon. Sir Steven Runciman at the University of London, Senate House, WC1, on Monday, 16 November at 5.30 p.m. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 10 Nov. 'Latin America in the Twentieth Century', by Mr J. C. Crossley; 12 Nov. 'Transient Forms of Matter', by Dr E. H. S. Burhop.

LONDON Co-operative Society Political Committee Autumn Lectures. Tues., 10 Nov. 'Challenge of the Newly Developing Areas'. Speaker: T. F. Betts, Library, Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle St, SW1.

IVOR Montagu discusses Total Disarmament, Tuesday, 10 November, 8 p.m. Town Hall, NW3, Hampstead CP.

WEEKLY series of Socialist Lectures: I. 'Who are the Power Elite in Russia?' Speaker E. Wilmott, Sunday 8 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Denison Hse, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, nr Victoria. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

RUSSIAN Students: lecture in Russian at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8. Wed. 11 Nov., 7.30 p.m. 'A Moscow School Today', by Mrs Z. Maslova. Adm. 2s. 6d. (SCR mems 2s.)

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dr Miguel Querol on 'La música religiosa española del siglo de oro', on 13 November at 6 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 8 Nov. (Armistice Remembrance) J. Hutton Hynd, 'Sacramental Self-Sacrifice'. Write for free Monthly Record. Chamber Music Conct. 6.30.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 10 Nov. Gilbert McAllister, MA, 'A World Parliament - A Way to Permanent Peace?'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 8 November, 6.30 Music & Readings; 7 p.m. 'Peace at the Summit?': H. J. Blackham.

IWC London Branch. Fri., 13 Nov., 8.30, 'The Plight of the Arab Refugees'. (Sponsored by the World Refugee Year UK Committee). Mr A. H. Dobbing, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

YOGA of Meditation: Four Talks on Practical Yoga, 21 Nov. Caxton Hall, Westminster. 11.30, 1.30, 3.0, 4.45. Arr. Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W11.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30. Sun. 8 Nov. 32 Tavistock Sq, Euston. Dr A. D. Belden 'Theology & Christian Pacifism'.

BAHAI World Faith. Meeting every Thurs. 7.45, 27 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge.

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITIES & Left Review Club. Please note no meeting Monday 9 Nov; Monday, 16 Nov. Gerald Gardiner QC: The Younger Generation.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Michael Cacoyannis' film 'Windfall in Athens', 6 p.m. Fri. 6 Nov., 7 Carlisle St, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. Is there an 'Under 35' Group? Discussion on the Paris Biennale, led by Robyn Denny and Ralph Rumney. Chairman Roger Coleman. Tues. 10 Nov. 8.15. Adm. 3s., members 1s. 6d. Jazz. Vic Bellerby: 'Duke - 1940's'. Kitty Grimes: Survey Modern Jazz Quartette. Wed. 11 Nov. 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d., members 1s. 6d. Art. Tinguely. Demonstration of new Meta-matic Painting-Sculptures (one operated by two cyclists) and followed by an auction of a large painting. Thurs. 12 Nov. 8.15. Adm. 5s., members 2s. 6d. Tickets should be booked in advance.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 6 Nov., 8 p.m. Symposium on Russia. Miss Rosamund John, Gerald Croasdell (Brit. Actors' Equity Assoc.), Eric Lukis, Mrs Skript, Miss Wolff. In chair: M. M. Wolff. Fri., 13 Nov., 8 p.m. K. S. Makovsky: 'The Development of Apollon'. (Blok, Byely, Annensky, Gumilev and others (in Russian). At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues., 10 Nov., 8 p.m. K. S. Makovsky: 'Slyuchevsky - forerunner of the Symbolists' (in Russian). Sun. 15 Nov., 4 p.m., at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Soviet Russian Films - 'Poem of the Sea' (Dovzhenko); 'When the Spirit Soars in Flight' (Soviet Ballet). Wed. 11 Nov. New class for beginners in Russian starts at 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, at 6.30 p.m.

THURSDAY, 12 November. If you are interested in serious discussions, then come to 'Mapam Open Forum' at 8 p.m. at 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6. Subject: 'The Israel General Elections'. Speaker, Peretz Merhav, representative of Mapam in Israel.

FRANK Kermode speaks on 'Wallace Stevens' in the third of the USIS Autumn Lecture Series, Thurs. 12 Nov., at 8 p.m. in the USIS Library, 41 Grosvenor Sq.

'POETS and Poetry'. A Talk by Anthony Jacobs. New Jewish Society, Wed., 11 Nov., 8 p.m. New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern St, W1.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Tues. 10 Nov., 7.15. Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Donald Ford: 'Humanism & Social Health.'

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tues. 10 Nov., 7.30, Discourse. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs. 12 Nov., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Message of the Gita'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, EC2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on 'John Dryden: Critic, Poet, Playwright', will be given by Professor Bonamy Dobree, MA (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric) on Mon. to Thurs., 9 to 12 Nov. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

COURSES at Urchfont Manor: Thinking, Speaking, Writing 23/28 November and 11/16 January; Post-War Films from Poland (incl. Ashes and Diamonds, Eve Wants to Sleep, Kanal) 11/13 December. Dets: Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

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LECTURE COURSES—contd. on page 643

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